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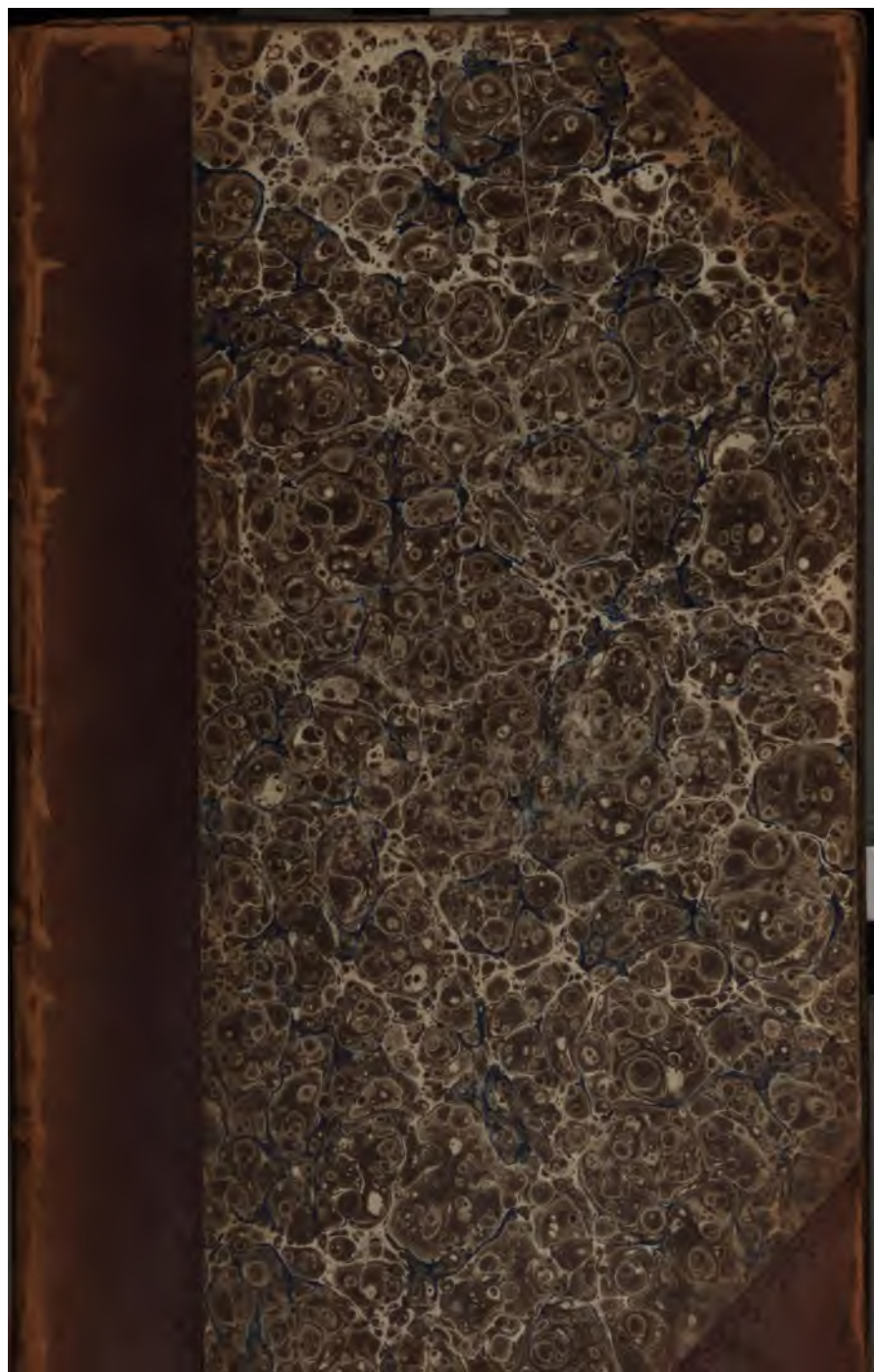
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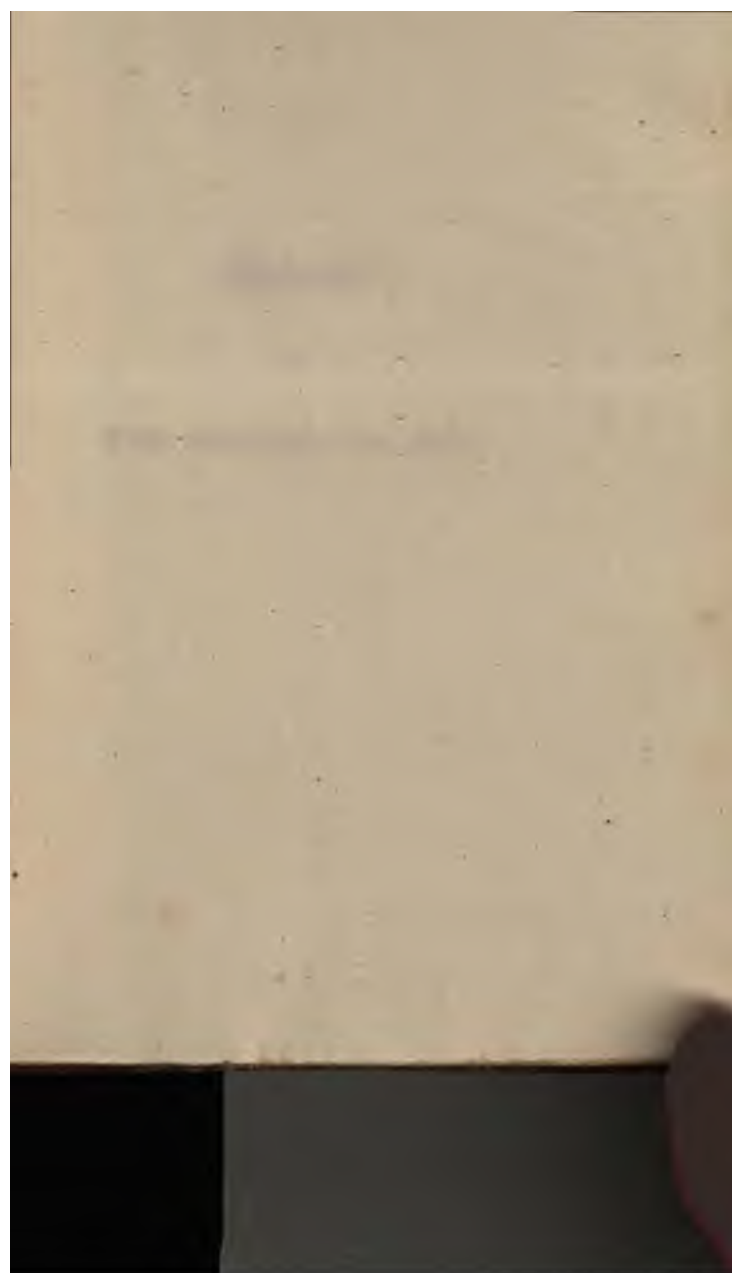
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27. 153.









Edwin;

OR,

THE MOTHERLESS BOY.

v. 14. 1828.
Edwin;

OR,

THE MOTHERLESS BOY.

INTERSPERSED WITH

PIECES OF ORIGINAL POETRY.

BY BOURNE HALL DRAPER.

"I have been thinking, papa, that I will not regard myself as motherless any more: no, I have still a dear mamma; but, as you say, she is gone up to the court of the King of kings, and thither she expects me to come, that I may live with her for ever." Page 218.

LONDON:

PRINTED FOR HARVEY AND DARTON,
GRACECHURCH-STREET.

1827.

~~1828.~~

1850

THE MOTHERLESS BOY

BY J. H. B. B. B.

WITH ILLUSTRATIONS BY J. H. B. B. B.



1850

PRINTED BY J. H. B. B. B.

OXFORD

TO

MY DEAR CHILDREN,

WITH THE

BEST WISHES OF THEIR FATHER

FOR THEIR

PRESENT AND EVERLASTING

WELFARE.

PREFACE.

UNDER most of the pages of this little volume, the author could write, with great truth, (independently of the religious sentiments which are contained in them, which he hopes are all correct,) the event narrated here is a fact, which came immediately under the notice of the writer.

The writer not only wishes to enforce just religious sentiments on the youthful mind, but also to create such a taste for the works of God, as shall impart, even in a common excursion, pleasure and instruction.

He is persuaded that the wide and beautiful creation is a vast mirror, every where reflecting the goodness, the power, and the wisdom of God ; and he thinks,

that no one can perform a greater kindness to a young man, than to awaken his attention to Him on whom the whole family of being waits, who "openeth his hand, and satisfieth the desire of every living thing."

That this may be the blessed effect of the perusal of the following pages, is indeed his very earnest prayer.

Southampton.

EDWIN;

OR,

THE MOTHERLESS BOY.



CHAPTER I.

MR. HOWARD laboured in the ministry of the Gospel, in a parish in one of the midland counties in England. He was much and deservedly respected, and was very useful in the great work in which he was engaged.

His lady was very pious, and she exerted herself for the welfare of the poor and the afflicted.

After they had been married about ten years, she was taken ill, and died very happily.

She left a little boy, whose name was Edwin: he was the picture of his dear mamma. His

sweet countenance, his blue and sparkling eyes, and his auburn hair, constantly reminded his papa of the painful loss which he had experienced. Mr. H. devoted his hours of leisure to the education of his motherless boy. He was, indeed, tenderly concerned to "train him up in the nurture and admonition of the Lord."

He sometimes amused himself by writing simple verses: his best wishes for Edwin were often thus recorded. The following is a little specimen.

TO EDWIN.

Pretty little smiling boy,
Once a tender mother's joy;
To the Saviour thee I bring,
Place thee underneath his wing*;
Jesus! take him to thy care,
Let him every blessing share.

Oft mayst thou, delighted, look
O'er God's hallow'd, honour'd book;
With the morn's first dawning rays,
May thy soul expand in praise;
O may He, whose gracious word
Israel's infant prophet heard †,
Call thee from his seat above,
Look on thee with eyes of love;

* *Malachi*, iv. 2.

† *1 Samuel*, 3.

Rescue thee from sin and wee,
Make thee useful here below.
May each day to God be giv'n,
Till thou shalt arrive in heav'n.

Sweet as Spring's first op'ning rose,
Now thou dost thy charms disclose;
Smil'd upon by every eye,
None thy loveliness deny.
I would not have thee like the flow'r,
Flourishing its fleeting hour;
Then relinquishing its bloom,
Sinking to an early tomb:
No; but rather mayst thou be
As the firmly-rooted tree,
Rising to maturity;
Oft refresh'd by falling show'rs,
Bringing forth delicious flow'rs,
Yielding fruit to all around,
And with immortal verdure crown'd*.

Edwin was the constant companion of his papa, in his daily walks. On these occasions, Mr. H. would often, from some little circumstance which occurred, speak to the little boy, on subjects of the greatest importance to his present and everlasting welfare.

As they were returning, on a fine spring evening, from one of these delightful and pro-

* *Psalms* i.

fitable rambles, they came through the plot of ground in which Edwin's dear mamma was deposited. Mr. H. paused near the family burying-place, and seemed wrapped in solemn thought: the sentiment of the poet occurred to his recollection, and he softly repeated it from a full heart,

“Of joys departed,
Not to return, how painful the remembrance!”

Edwin did not notice his papa, but was endeavouring to read the inscription, which was on a marble tablet over the vault. When he had finished reading it, he exclaimed: “Why, papa, dear mamma is in this tomb! Is'n't she?”

“Yes, my child, it is indeed her tomb.”

“And are her eyes shut, papa?”

“Yes, my dear boy, they are: those eyes, which were so often raised in devotion to the throne of God, are closed, to be opened on earth no more for ever.”

“And will she never speak again?”

“Oh that she could, my dear! But the tongue which so often admonished and instructed us, and uttered the language of prayer and of praise, is silent: its delightful accents will no more break upon our ears.”

“And can't she do any thing?”

EDWIN

Page 5.



Page 17.



London, Published by Harvey & Darton, Gracechurch Street, 3rd Jan^y 1828.

"O no: those dear hands which so actively and faithfully discharged the duties of life, and ministered to the necessities of God's poor people, are cold and motionless."

"And is she not quite in the dark, papa?"

"Yes, my child, the curtains of a deep midnight are indeed drawn around the body; but the happy spirit, which saw by the eye, which heard by the ear, which acted by the hands, which beamed in the countenance, and which conversed by the tongue, still lives, Edwin, and will live for ever."

"And where is she, then, papa?"

"The body is in this tomb; but the ransomed soul, clothed in garments of light, exults in the presence and favour of God, whose loving-kindness is better than life."

"Oh, how I should like to go to her!" said Edwin, weeping.

"If she were permitted to speak to us," said his father; "and perhaps she is not far from us, for angels are ministering spirits, sent forth to minister to the heirs of salvation; and, as Milton says,

• Millions of spiritual creatures walk the earth,
Unseen, both when we wake, and when we sleep;

if she were permitted to speak to us, she would

perhaps say, 'Weep not for me, but for yourselves. You are encompassed with temptations and difficulties; but I have surmounted them all. You are in a world of much error and darkness; but I am perfect in knowledge. I see things in a divine light; you are running the Christian race. I have gained the victory, and have received the prize. You are travelling through the vale of tears; but I am refreshing myself in the gardens of pleasure, and I walk on the hills of everlasting gladness.' In her dying moments she said: 'It is you, who survive me, who are to be pitied.'"

"But, papa, do you not very much miss dear mamma?" said Edwin.

"Oh yes, my dear boy. Every object around me, recalls her to my recollection. How often has she accompanied us in our daily walks, and admired the grandeur and the beauty of the works of God. Don't you recollect, Edwin, how often she put down her basket of field flowers, which she had gathered for examination at home, and caressed and played with you, on this very path?"

"Oh, how I should like to see her again!" exclaimed Edwin.

"The sight, my dear Edwin, would be very pleasing; yet we should ill requite her,

“ To constrain
Her unbound spirit into bonds again;”

yet, if we live and die as she did, we shall go to her, though she will not return again to us.”

“ Shall we, indeed, papa?” said the dear little fellow, as the tears ran plentifully down his ruddy cheeks.

Mr. H. felt that they had been drawn to a subject which was too much for their feelings; and he directed the attention of Edwin to another subject, till they arrived at home, and the evening was closed with supplication and thanksgiving.

CHAP. II.

As year after year revolved, Mr. H. endeavoured to implant the best principles in the heart of his infant charge. He taught him the elements of the Latin language, knowing that a very large proportion of our own tongue is derived from it. He especially inculcated in his daily

labour, the great truths contained in the Holy Scriptures. Mr. H. wished to educate his little pupil not only for the present world, but for another.

The May morning which dawned on the eleventh birthday of Edwin, was peculiarly balmy and beautiful. Every object seemed to invite the admirer of the lovely scenes of nature abroad. Edwin's papa was delighted with the volume of creation: he often read it with enthusiasm. He was one of those characters mentioned by a fine poet, who could find

"Tongues in the trees, books in the running brooks,
Sermons in stones, and good in every thing."

When the tasks of the morning were ended, Edwin accompanied his papa on one of their usual excursions.

"This is my birthday, papa," said Edwin: "I am now eleven years old."

"I know it, my dear," said his father. "God has been very gracious to you, and to me also, in preserving you so long. If you had been taken away, I should have been indeed bereaved. But the good God does not lay on his servants more than they are able to bear."

"John Wallace was born, papa, the same day with myself."

"Yes, I believe he was. It was a reflection of one of the kings of France, Henry the Fourth, that, though many came into the world the same day with himself, he was, probably, the only one among them who was born to be a king. You, Edwin, cannot say this; but you may say, to the praise of God's great goodness, that, though many were born the same day with you, they have not been blessed with so many mercies, and are not at this moment in such comfortable circumstances. You have indeed reason to say, 'Bless the Lord, O my soul! and all that is within me, bless his holy name!'

'Streams of mercy, never ceasing,
Call for songs of loudest praise.'

You rose this morning surrounded with innumerable comforts and blessings: all nature seems to smile on you."

"Yes, papa, indeed it does; and I was thinking, whilst you were speaking, of the twenty-third Psalm. I have heard you say, that you thought David wrote it when he was very young, as he was looking after his father's flocks. I too may say, God has been my shepherd; and his 'goodness and mercy have followed me all the days of my life.'"

"I am glad, Edwin," said his father, "that you think of those delightful portions of holy Scripture contained in the book of Psalms: that is a part of the volume of inspiration which has been very useful to me."

"I have noticed with pleasure, papa, how David mentions the different seasons. 'Thou makest,' says he, 'the outgoings of the morning and of the evening to rejoice. The pastures are clothed with flocks, they shout for joy, they also sing. Thou crownest the year with thy goodness; thy paths drop fatness. He sendeth abroad his ice like morsels: who can stand before his cold? Thou renewest the face of the earth.'"

"Yes, God is indeed now renewing the face of the earth," Mr. H. observed; "and those cannot properly taste his works, who do not everywhere mark the divine hand, and walk with the Creator in holy meditation and prayer. For my own part, Edwin, I count it one of my chiefest blessings, that I can think of my heavenly Father's loving-kindness in the midst of this his great and magnificent temple. Whilst, my dear boy, you admire the beautiful creation in which God has placed you, you should not, and I hope you do not forget, that many of the divine perfections are illustrated by every object around you. I cannot help thinking, this morn-

ing, of the divine faithfulness: yes, God is a covenant-keeping God. He has declared, that 'whilst the earth remaineth, seed-time and harvest, and cold and heat, and summer and winter, and day and night, shall not cease;' and they have not: we, Edwin, are living witnesses that they have not. This morning's sun, shining with more than usual lustre, and writing, with his every beam on creation, his Maker's praise; these reviving gales; the new-born leaves and flowers; the lark yonder rising to heaven; all seem to re-echo the sentiment, and to say, truly they have not. 'God is not a man, that he should lie.' If we look back," continued Mr. Howard, "for a few months, we must recollect the driving snows, the showers of hail, the piercing blasts, the withered herbage, the shivering cattle, the stripped trees, and the barren fields; and why, Edwin, do we not still witness scenes like these? Who has driven away bleak winter, with his army of winds, and frosts, and snows, and hail? Who is it that has made our fields smile with flowers? Who has caused life to break forth in a thousand interesting forms, and has filled creation with verdure, fragrance, beauty, and harmony? Who has bid the valleys stand thick with rising corn? and who makes the little hills rejoice on every side? What voice is that which is heard from the heavens and the

earth, from every field, and every tree? It says, 'Arise, and come away; for lo! the winter is passed, the rain is over and gone, the flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land.' It is His voice, 'who spake, and it was done; who commanded, and it stood fast.'"

"Papa," said Edwin, "you make me think of the beautiful lines of Cowper, which you repeated in our walk the other day."

"What were they? Can you repeat them, my dear?" said Mr. Howard.

"Yes, I think I can, papa.

'One Spirit—His,
Who wore the platted thorns with bleeding brows,
Rules universal nature; not a flow'r
But shows some touch, in freckle, streak, or stain,
Of his unrivall'd pencil!"

"Truly, Edwin, the poet is correct: the pencil of the great Author of creation is an *unrivall'd* one. We need only open our eyes to be convinced of this."

"But you said, papa, that spring reminded you of the divine perfections. You have noticed God's power and faithfulness: will you tell me of the other attributes of God of which it reminds you?"

"Certainly, my dear," said Mr. Howard. "Are we not now, especially, surrounded with the displays of God's goodness? It is the good God who is watering the hills from his chambers: the earth is satisfied with the fruit of his works. He is causing the grass to grow for cattle, and herb for the service of man, and oil to make his face to shine, and bread that strengtheneth man's heart. Beasts, and birds, and the innumerable race of creatures, these all wait on thee, O God: thou givest them their meat in due season; thou openest thy hand, and they are filled with good. Should an earthly monarch pass through his dominions, every where scattering his favours among his dutiful and affectionate subjects, every eye would admire him, every heart would throb with grateful emotions, and every tongue would celebrate his praise. The gracious God is now passing through a rebellious world, to load it with his richest blessings. And shall we close our eyes, and shut out the rays of his glory? Shall he not be beloved by us? Shall we be silent, amidst the transport of the earth and of the heavens? Shall we have nothing to say, amidst the glad acclamations of universal being? O Edwin, if our understandings are accessible, if our hearts are penetrable, if they are not made of stone, we

shall pour forth some grateful notes, to swell the hymn of boundless praise."

"You recollect, papa," said Edwin, "you gave me dear mamma's microscope. I am now never at a loss for amusement. I think, as I examine the flowers and little insects I find in the garden, I every day see more and more of the wisdom of God, even in the smallest things which his hand has formed."

"Yes, Edwin, the wisdom of God is to be seen in every season, and in every creature. It is visible in the elephant and in the fly; in the meridian sun, and in the little glow-worm. It especially shines in this beautiful season of the year. You may see it in the formation of animals; in the suitability of their organs to the purposes they are to answer; in the diversity of food provided for the innumerable tribes of animated nature; in the production of so many delightful flowers, arrayed in more glory than Solomon when in all his magnificence and splendour. The assertion of Dr. Young, when properly considered, that 'there is a process going on in every flower, sufficient to frighten a man out of infidelity,' ceases to be extravagant. I hail the spring, also, as richly displaying the superintending providence of God. No, Edwin, we do not live in a fatherless world. His hand alone could have made so vast an alteration be-

tween January and May. The earth would cease to bring forth; the sun would shine no longer; creation would languish and die, without the constant care of the great Author of all good. I should as soon expect that a field would be properly cultivated, by merely conveying a plough into it, without the aid or care of man, as I should expect creation to move harmoniously on without God. Some, indeed, would exclude him from his works: they would spare the Almighty the trouble and labour of continual action—the pain and weariness of unremitting vigilance:

‘ So man, the moth, it seems, is not afraid
To span omnipotence, and measure might,
That knows no measure, by the scanty rule
And standard of his own, that is to-day,
And is not ere to-morrow’s sun goes down.’

But it is time, Edwin, that we should direct our steps homewards. This delightful season is pregnant with instruction; and we will resume the subject in a future walk, perhaps to-morrow. In the mean time, you will be much pleased to commit to memory some verses I wrote last evening. Here, Edwin, is a copy of them.

THE MAY EVENING.

Farewell to the sadness
Of winter, for spring
Has array'd all in gladness,
The hills and vales ring:
The word of high Heaven
Has quicken'd the earth,
And a loveliness given,
E'en as at her birth.

What melodies cheer me,
And on the breeze float;
That music, so near me,
Is Philomel's note:
Sweet bird! who can emulate
A lay such as thine?
Mellifluous, delicate,
Impassion'd, divine.

Once more there thrills round me
Her ravishing strain;
The charm has spell-bound me,
Again and again:
Hark! she pours her sweet story
The valley along;
All unrivall'd in glory,
And grandeur of song.

Tufts and garlands of flowers
Deck the scene all around;
And the fine balmy showers
Have freshen'd the ground:
All her charms spring discloses;
Wherever we tread,
She lifts, crown'd with roses,
Her beautiful head.

The horizon is glowing
With the sun's setting beam;
Which each wave, gently flowing,
Reflects from the stream:
The scene smiles with pleasure,
Refulgent with gold;
Gives a joy beyond measure,
Nor can it be told.

Though the day is declining,
The empress of night,
Ere long, softly shining,
Will display her sweet light.
Since God here below,
Has a paradise given,
What will he bestow,
When we meet him in heaven?

CHAP. III.

THE next day, Edwin and his papa took their accustomed walk. After they had conversed for some time about the lessons of the morning, they came to a very interesting spot, where a seat had been placed, which overlooked a delightful valley, covered with corn and grass

fields in all their freshness and beauty. In this charming landscape, the cattle and the flocks, reposing or feeding in different parts of it, formed a lovely feature.

After they had feasted their eyes for a few moments, in silence, with the living picture, where all was "beauty to the eye, and music to the ear," Mr. Howard exclaimed: "Perhaps, on some such eminence as this, in Eden, ere yet man had wandered from his Maker, our first parents stood, and adored, and gave utterance to sentiments very similar to those so happily ascribed to them by Milton:

'These are thy glorious works, Parent of good!
Almighty! thine this universal frame,
Thus wondrous fair! thyself how wondrous then!'"

"I often repeat that hymn of Milton's, papa: I greatly admire it. How delightful, to celebrate the great Author of all good in such sublime language!

'Him first, Him last, Him midst, and without end.'

But you said, papa, that spring reminded you of many important truths which should interest our hearts. Will you name some more of them?"

"Most readily. The change in the seasons

reminds us very forcibly, Edwin, of that change which the divine Spirit produces on the human mind, before it can enjoy converse with God; before any one can properly say, as the Psalmist did, 'My meditation of Him shall be sweet.' The wintry day is a striking emblem of the state of the soul of every individual, till it is renewed. Until this salutary change takes place, the mind of the sinner is so benighted, that he sees no glory in God, the most glorious object in the wide universe. He discerns no evil in sin, though it has 'brought death into the world, and all our woe.' He perceives no loveliness in the Saviour, no vanity in the creature: he is conscious of no motive which should induce him to seek after a union with infinite excellence. His heart is so cold, that he is a stranger to the sweet emotions of love and gratitude; and his life is barren, like the wintry soil, of the wholesome fruits of righteousness. The day in spring, on the contrary, is obviously descriptive of the renewed soul: all is life, animation, and fruitfulness. Then, in a spiritual point of view, the eye is opened, the ear is unsealed, and the tongue is loosed in the service of God. God has spoken: he has said, 'Let there be light;' and there is light. The individual is become a new creature."

"Why, papa, does not Cowper refer to this

change, in that part of the Task which we read the other day?"

"Very likely he does: indeed, he often refers to it. He well knew the vast importance of the doctrine inculcated by the Great Teacher sent from God, when he affirmed, that 'except a man be born again, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God.' But what lines do you particularly refer to?"

"Where he says, in his Fifth Book, speaking of God,

'Thee we reject, unable to abide
Thy purity, till, pure as thou art pure,
Made such by Thee, we love thee for that cause
For which we shunn'd and hated thee before.

Then — — — — —
A voice is heard, that mortal ears hear not,
Till thou hast touch'd them; 'tis the voice of song,
A loud hosanna sent from all thy works,
Which he that hears it with a shout repeats,
And adds his rapture to the general praise."

"This is a very fine description, Edwin, of the effect of the work of the Holy Spirit on the human heart. Oh that we may be more and more conscious of his gracious teachings!"

"I think, papa, I can anticipate you in one of your remarks. Are you not going to observe, that it is the work of the great God to renew an immortal soul?"

"I certainly was about to mention this very evident truth. 'Every good gift,' the Scripture tells us, 'and every perfect gift, cometh from the Father of lights.' No one but he who formed the spirit, can have access to it, and change its depraved passions. No human power could have introduced the spring a month earlier, or have introduced it at all. The efforts of the greatest and best of men for the renewal of sinners, without the gracious influences of the Spirit of God, will be equally inefficacious. Without these, parental instruction, awful or pleasing providences, the removal of beloved friends, the admonitions of conscience, the most painful afflictions, surprising deliverances, or eloquent persuasions, are utterly in vain. God must speak to the dry bones, or they will not live:

'His word leaps forth at once to its effect,
He calls for things that are not, and they come.'

"Papa, may we gain these blessed influences of God's holy Spirit, by humble and fervent prayer?"

"Yes, Edwin: God waits to be gracious to the humble suppliant. It is the express language of our Lord and Saviour, that the blessed God will much sooner give the Holy Spirit

to those who ask him, than earthly parents will confer good things on a beloved child."

"What a delightful assurance, papa! what an encouragement to prayer!"

"It is, my dear Edwin. I hope you will be often found at the mercy-seat of your heavenly Father. It is impossible you should visit it in vain. But I wish to make a few more remarks on the subject which has so delightfully and profitably employed our attention. Unthinking and ungodly men have presumed rashly and hastily to decide in reference to the wisdom and goodness of the ways and works of the Creator, though they know but a very little part of them. They act about as rationally as a person, if we may imagine such a one for a moment, who, unacquainted with the process of vegetation, should go into our fields, and affirm, that the husbandman was bereft of his senses, because he threw the precious grain away into the furrows. Would he not be accounted an idiot, who should rashly decide on the value of a fine piece of machinery, by merely viewing a detached, inconsiderable part of it? A little child, had he stood here, Edwin, last January, might have feared that the snows and the cold gales would be perpetuated; but we should have known better. Before we dare find fault with any of the works of God, we should wait

till we possess an entire knowledge of them. It is in the highest degree probable, from what we already know of the wisdom of the adorable Creator, that many a link in the chain of divine providence, rashly deemed useless or injurious, will at last be found to have been of the utmost consequence."

"In the fifteenth chapter of the Corinthians, papa, the apostle Paul compares the laying the body in the grave to the sowing of seed."

"He does, my dear; and the comparison is instructive. It suggests to us the delightful truth, that spring will one day dawn upon the tomb. Till very lately, all nature had the appearance of death, but now all is life and beauty. So, when we walk in our burying-grounds, all appears wintry and comfortless. Death seems to reign there. But no: 'in a moment, in the twinkling of an eye, at the last trump the dead shall be raised incorruptible.' Those who have died in the faith of Jesus, only sleep: shortly they will be awakened, and raised to thrones of glory. Yes, we shall meet our pious friends with whom we have taken sweet counsel, and walked to the house of God in company."

"I lately learnt a fine piece of Beattie's, in which this delightful hope is beautifully expressed. Shall I repeat the last verses?"

"Do, my dear, though I think I recollect them."

EDWIN.

'And darkness and doubt are now flying away,
No longer I roam in conjecture forlorn;
So breaks on the traveller, faint and astray,
The bright and the balmy effulgence of morn.
See Truth, Love, and Mercy, in triumph descending,
And nature all glowing in Eden's first bloom;
On the cold cheek of death smiles and roses are blending,
And beauty immortal awakes from the tomb.'

"Yes, Edwin, there is a world where spring will be eternal. Here the seasons roll on in perpetual succession: spring lasts but for a short period. The very 'heavens will soon pass away with a great noise, and the elements melt with fervent heat, and the earth, and all that is therein, shall be burnt up. Nevertheless, we, according to his promise, look for new heavens, and a new earth, wherein dwelleth righteousness.' Winter shall never enter that blissful country: no darkness, no coldness, no chilling blasts of affliction, will ever be there."

"Oh, what a pleasant land must heaven be!" exclaimed Edwin.

"Yes, truly it is. There is a beautiful description of it in the beginning of the 21st chapter of the Revelations. I think you have your little Testament: find it."

"Here it is, papa: shall I read it?"

"Do, my dear: it always does me good to hear it."

"And I saw a new heaven, and a new earth: for the first heaven and the first earth were passed away; and there was no more sea. And I John, saw the holy city, new Jerusalem, coming down from God, out of heaven, prepared as a bride adorned for her husband. And I heard a great voice out of heaven, saying, Behold! the tabernacle of God is with men, and he will dwell with them, and they shall be his people, and God himself shall be with them, and be their God: And God shall wipe away all tears from their eyes; and there shall be no more death, neither sorrow, nor crying, neither shall there be any more pain; for the former things are passed away. And he who sat upon the throne, said, Behold! I make all things new."

"It is a sublime description," said Mr. Howard; "but it is more than time for us to hasten homewards. Happy, indeed, will it be for us, if at last we shall reach the blissful, the eternal home of which we have been speaking."

CHAP. IV.

It was the sabbath. Mr. Howard was careful always to hallow it, and to see that it was hallowed by all who were in his family. There was a marked difference between this and other days in his household. Not that it was a gloomy or melancholy season: by no means. There was indeed a cessation from all works but those of necessity and mercy; and a delightful stillness pervaded the habitation, which was in a high degree favourable to serious thought and the exercises of devotion. Mr. H. was of opinion with Sir Matthew Hale, that if we could ascertain how a man spent his sabbaths, we might easily know how he spent his other days.

But his sentiments on this interesting and important subject, he was accustomed to say, were accurately expressed by the late excellent bishop Porteus in his Lectures.

"The Lord's day," this valuable prelate observes, "is profaned by selecting it as a day

for travelling; by taking long journeys, which might as well be performed at any other time. This is a direct violation of the fourth commandment, which expressly gives the sabbath as a day of rest to our servants and our cattle. Our own laws, as well as the Scriptures, allow works of necessity and charity, but no others. To these, therefore, we ought to confine ourselves as nearly as may be; and with these exceptions, and with these only, consecrate the sabbath as a holy rest unto the Lord. The temporary suspension of labour on the sabbath, the refreshment and relief from incessant toil, is most graciously allowed even to the brute creation, by the great Governor of the universe, whose mercy extends over all his works. It is the boon of Heaven itself. It is a small drop of comfort thrown into their cup of misery; and to wrest from them this only privilege, this sweetest consolation of their wretched existence, is a degree of inhumanity for which there wants a name; and of which few people, I am persuaded, if they could be brought to reflect seriously upon it, would ever be guilty*."

It is a painful reflection, that many profess-

* Lecture on Matthew.

edly Christian families spend the Lord's day in a very improper manner. This delightful rest is by no means hallowed as it ought. Many begin, and spend, and close it, nearly as a common holiday. The attentive observer marks them staying on the Saturday evening, till the last minute, in the world and in worldly society; retiring to rest with their hearts and hands so full of the things of time, as to be utterly unfit for the approach of the day of God. The hallowed morning dawns; they are not prepared for its light; they rise much later than on the common days of the week; the habitation is full of bustle and noise. The earliest part of the day is employed in looking out apparel, in decorating their persons, and in providing a dinner more than usually plentiful and excellent. A part only of the family can get ready for the worship of God. They return home, and, from their conversation, it appears that they knew who were present, and how they were dressed; and, indeed, every object attracted their attention, but the great truths of infinite importance which were delivered in their hearing. Some of the family are often permitted to roam the fields, or to pursue their schemes on this holy day. The day is closed by eagerly planning the pursuits of the following week. They retire early to repose,

as though they were completely wearied, even with merely appearing, for a few hours, to be religious.

The reverse of this picture was to be seen in the family of Mr. H. The day was begun with family devotion. The whole of the family were expected to be twice a day in the sanctuary. Very often, on the morning of the Lord's day, Mr. Howard would remind his household of the admonition of the Saviour, "Take heed how ye hear!" He used frequently to remark, that a devotional spirit was the great qualification for hearing the word with profit. "Should the subject," he would observe, "be penitence, faith, love, or obedience, earnest prayer offered at the moment, that these invaluable principles may be implanted in our bosoms, cannot possibly be in vain. Or if," he was accustomed to say, "some illustrious example from holy writ should be proposed for our imitation, fervent ejaculatory petitions, that we may be enabled to follow them, as they did the Great Exemplar, will assuredly be attended with the happiest consequences."

Mr. H. encouraged the youth of his charge to attend the Sunday schools. There were more than five hundred children in these pleasing and useful establishments. They were educated gratuitously by the young men and

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women of his congregation. These exertions had been greatly beneficial, not only to the children but even to their parents. It was a delightful spectacle, to see these children and their teachers thus happily engaged, and to hear the little ones pouring forth their hosannas to the son of David.

Among the attendants on the ministry of Mr. H. a society was formed for finding out, visiting, and relieving the afflicted. The business of this institution was often attended to on the Lord's day, by some of the elder and more judicious persons in his congregation. Much good had been done by this most useful association. In one year, about fifteen hundred visits had been paid to the abodes of the wretched. More than sixty pounds had been given away to persons in the greatest need, during the same period. A book was kept, descriptive of the circumstances of those who had been relieved. The following memoranda, as a specimen, are extracted from this interesting record:

John S.—Very ignorant, but greatly desirous of instruction.

Peter N.—Died very happily, the instruction he had received having been very beneficial.

e L.—She has recovered; and has been

brought, though before regardless of public worship, statedly to attend the house of prayer.

Lucy P.—She has become truly serious, and given the most pleasing testimony of a change of heart.

Thomas M.—He is restored to health. His friends have sent a letter of thanks for the aid afforded.

George D.—He was very wicked, and neglected and even despised religion; but was convinced of his guilt and folly, and brought back to the great shepherd and bishop of souls. He died, hoping for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus.

Nathaniel C.—When first visited, he was very careless in reference to his soul; but the little tract on Eternity was made very useful to him*.

Several other useful institutions exist among the people committed to the care of Mr. H. Would not the Psalmist have said of such a community: "Peace be within thy walls, and prosperity within thy palaces; for my brethren, my companions' sake, I will now say, Peace be within thee."

* These accounts are really taken from the book referred to.

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was praiseworthy and useful. Edwin was therefore found, on that day, instructing one of the lowest classes in the Sunday school.

He was expected also to give his father, in their walk on the Monday, some account of the discourses which he had heard. He was especially encouraged to mark any sentiments which were peculiarly weighty or important. Mr. H. always rewarded him for these. Eight or ten, or more, of these, he would record in his pocket-book every sabbath day.

"Well, Edwin," said Mr. H. "what have you in your memoranda of yesterday, to mention to me?"

"Many things, papa."

"Let us have them, my dear, one after the other."

"You said, papa, That no one ever gained any thing by breaking God's commandments."

"I did, and this is very true. Sin, indeed, ought to be productive of something valuable, for it costs much. It costs a man his time, his health, his property, his reputation, the favour of God, and the joys of heaven. Our first parents lost paradise, their holiness, their happiness, and the image of God, by sin. No, Edwin, no: may God write the truth by his Spirit on your heart. I hope, indeed, that he has

already done it. There is nothing gained by sin; there is nothing gained by swearing, by sabbath-breaking, by bad company, by lying, by intemperance, by pride, or malice, or revenge; but, on the contrary, every thing that is truly valuable is lost by them."

"You said, papa, That it would cost a man something to be religious; but that it would cost him much more not to be so."

"And so it will. If we do not love and serve God on earth, we shall never see him hereafter with joy. The character which is forming every day, will survive the grave, and endure for ever. But yet we cannot serve God without some pains and care. We must sacrifice our evil passions. We must give up the good opinion of many of our fellow-creatures, who think that it is beneath them to serve the God who formed them, or that any thing more than the service of the lip is enthusiasm."

"You remarked, papa, That a man might attend to all the forms of religion, and yet perish at last."

"Undoubtedly he may. This was the case with the Pharisees in the time of our Lord. They were very exemplary as to the form of godliness. In this respect, I question whether there is any one, of any community, who equals them; and yet the Great Teacher said to them :

‘Publicans and harlots enter into the kingdom of God before you.’ This is still the case. A man may go regularly to his place of worship; may read the Scriptures, and associate with decent sort of people; and yet his heart may be unhumbléd for his sins, and his evil passions unsubdued. With all his religion, he may at last perish. This is what our Lord solemnly declared, in his sermon on the mount: ‘Not every one that saith unto me, Lord! Lord! shall enter into the kingdom of heaven; but he that doeth the will of my Father, who is in heaven: Many will say to me in that day, Lord! Lord! have we not prophesied in thy name? and in thy name have cast out devils? and in thy name done many wonderful works? And then I will profess unto them, I never knew you: depart from me, ye that work iniquity!’”

“You said, papa, That sin is the same deadly thing to the spirit, which poison is to the body: that a single dose was fatal.”

“True: many are every day consigned to different punishments for a single offence. It would be of no service for a person who was condemned for dishonesty, to plead, that he was not a murderer. Such a plea would not avail him. So, a man who lives in any one sin, and evidently loves it, and dies without any

change of character, has no reason to expect salvation. Every real Christian can say with Paul, 'Herein do I exercise myself, to have a conscience void of offence towards God, and towards man.'"

"You remarked, papa, That if the soul be saved, all is saved."

"You know, our Lord affirmed, that if a man could gain the whole world, it would not compensate him for the loss of his soul. It would not afford the slightest consolation to a lost soul, to recollect, that this vast globe was once in its possession, and subject to its dominion. We should not forget that our souls are immortal. Every man has a soul which must live

' When every fire
Of every star shall languish and expire.'"

"You told us, papa, That though Christ has reconciled sinners to himself, yet it is absolutely impossible for any Christian to be reconciled to sin."

"Certainly it is. The grace of God, of which every Christian is a partaker, always separates a man from his sins. No man has any right to regard himself as a follower of Christ, who does not abandon the most beloved sins: nay, I will

go further, I will affirm, that every one who has any thing more than the form of godliness, is sincerely and ardently aspiring to be 'perfect, even as his Father who is in heaven is perfect.' "

" I do think, papa, that your sentiments are quite the same as those of Cowper : you often remind me of some passages in his poems. The other day, I marked some lines, which are very striking, in which he says, that real Christianity does not spare any sin. Here they are, papa : shall I read them ? "

" Do, Edwin. "

" Speaking of the religion of the Saviour, he says :

' For this, of all that ever influenced man,
Since Abel worshipp'd, or the world began ;
This only spares no sin, admits no plea,
But makes him, if at all, completely free ;
Drives through the realms of sin, where riot reels,
And grinds his crown beneath her burning wheels. ' "

" Thank you, my dear. I am glad that you pay so much attention to the compositions of this truly Christian poet. The sentiments are just and beautiful. "

" You said, papa, That the Scriptures give us seven reasons for the practice of good works, but that the pride and ignorance of man has

added an eighth. You mentioned the particulars, but I could not write them all down."

"I suppose you could not: I will therefore just name them again. I must observe, however, that this was a remark of the late excellent Sir Richard Hill. We should practise good works for the following reasons: Because—They are commanded by the blessed God. Thus the apostle Paul says to Titus, (ch. iii. 8,) 'I will, that thou affirm constantly, that they which have believed in God might be careful to maintain good works.'—Real Christians are renewed for this very purpose, that they may bring forth good fruits. 'We are his workmanship,' says St. Paul to the Ephesians, ch. ii. 10. 'created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained, that we should walk in them.—No one has any reason to believe that his faith is genuine, who does not practice good works. Thus, we read in the epistle of James, (ch. ii. 17, 18,) 'Faith, if it hath not works, is dead, being alone. Yea, a man may say, Thou hast faith, and I have works; show me thy faith without thy works; and I will show thee my faith by my works.'—It is impossible for any man to show his faith without works. The Lord Jesus Christ expects that we should show our love to him by obeying his holy will. 'If ye love me,' this is his own language, (John, 14,

15,) 'keep my commandments.' 'Yea, he gave himself for us, that he might redeem us from all iniquity, and purify unto himself a peculiar people, zealous of good works.' Titus ii. 14.—We ought to imitate the example of Christ and his apostles. The Lord Jesus 'went about doing good.' His life was one of enlarged benevolence; and the apostle Peter says, that 'he hath left us an example, that we should follow his steps.' The great apostle of the Gentiles says, 'Be followers of me, even as I am of Christ.' 1 Cor. xi. 1.—It is our bounden duty, in whatever situation we are placed, to glorify God. 'Let your light,' says our Lord, in his incomparable sermon on the mount, 'so shine before men, that you may glorify your Father who is in heaven.'—Good works are profitable and advantageous to our fellow-creatures. Exhortations of the following kind abound in the Scriptures. 'As we have opportunity, let us do good unto all men, especially to them who are of the household of faith.' Gal. vi. 10. 'What does it profit, my brethren, though a man say he hath faith, and have not works? can faith save him? If a brother or sister be naked, and destitute of daily food; and one of you say unto them, Depart in peace; be ye warmed, and filled; notwithstanding ye give them not those things which are needful to the

body; what doth it profit?" James ii. 14, 16. And the apostle John declares plainly, that we have no religion, unless it is of a practical kind: 'Whoso,' says he, 'hath this world's good, and seeth his brother have need, and shutteth up his bowels of compassion from him, how dwelleth the love of God in him?' 1 John, iii. 17."

"But you said, papa, that many have found out reasons for good works, which are not in the Scripture."

"They have, my dear. I refer to those who do them, as the Pharisees of old did, to be seen of men, to recommend themselves to the divine favour, and in order to purchase heaven. None of these sentiments are to be found in the Bible; and yet they are but too common among us. But read, Edwin, all the other remarks you have at once."

"You said, papa, That God's love is like the sun, always the same in its light, though a cloud may sometimes interpose; but that ours to him is too much like the moon, which waxes and wanes. That Christianity is a system which is hostile to nothing but sin. That, if we could save ourselves, it is a needless thing to pray, and to ask God to save us. That tears do not pay debts: that they will not discharge those we owe to men, much less those we owe to

God, which are weighty debts indeed. That a cripple might as well depend on his shadow for support, as a sinner on any other foundation for salvation than Jesus Christ. And the last I have put down, papa, is, That a man might as soon move the earth with his finger, as atone for his sin."

"I must make a few remarks, Edwin, on several of the sentences you have now read. That any one has any reason to expect heaven for merely doing their duty, is a sentiment, though current in society, unsanctioned by Scripture. Indeed, leaving Christianity out of the question, a mere philosopher might teach such people better. Dr. Franklin, in one of his letters, has the following remarkable sentences: 'The only thanks I desire for the kindness I have done you, is, that you may be always equally ready to serve any other person who may need your assistance; and so let good offices go round, for mankind are all of a family. I am far from expecting heaven by my good works. By heaven we understand a state of happiness, infinite in degree, and eternal in duration. I can do nothing to deserve such rewards. He that, for giving a draught of water to a thirsty person, should expect to be paid with a good plantation, would be modest in his demands, compared with those

who think they deserve heaven for the little good they do on earth*.' But to return to the Scriptures. These alone contain the great truths which we must embrace, that we may inherit eternal life; these alone present to us the infallible standard of duty. 'Other foundation can no man lay, than that is laid, which is Jesus Christ.' 1 Cor. iii. 11. If, then, he be the only foundation of hope of immortal life and happiness, what folly and madness is it to reject him for a foundation of our own fabrication, as if the works of man could be comparable to those of the Most High God. Jesus Christ is a foundation for our hope, which he in infinite mercy and grace has laid. Isaiah, xxviii. 16. To renounce this blessed refuge for our own imaginary virtues, is to quit the immovable rock which has borne the tempest of successive ages, for the quicksand or the whirlpool. It is leaving the impregnable fortress, where we may defy the utmost rage and malice of our enemies, for the open and defenceless plain, where it is certain we shall become their prey. It is voluntarily relinquishing our abode in a palace of incomparable beauty and magnificence, for a miserable hovel, which can-

* Franklin's Letters, vol. i. p. 2.

not shelter us from the storm, or the inclemency of the seasons. To fly to any other refuge than Christ Jesus for life and salvation, is, in fact,

‘Endless ruin, deep despair!’

If any human being could save himself, partially or entirely, then there would be no truth in a multitude of passages of holy Scripture*, which affirm, that salvation is solely to be ascribed to the rich, free, and sovereign grace of God. The assertion of the apostle, (Eph. ii. 9,) speaking of salvation, would be totally false: ‘Not,’ says he, ‘of works, lest any man should boast.’”

“That is very plain, papa: there would indeed be much ground of boasting, if any one could merit eternal bliss.”

“But no one can, my dear. The merit and sufficiency of the creature to procure salvation, is manifestly inconsistent with the divine perfections as they are revealed in the gospel. Sal-

* Such as Rom. iv. 4, 16. Eph. ii. 8, 9. 2 Tim. i. 9. Rom. xi. 6. Jer. xxxi. 3. Isaiah, lv. 1, 3. Rev. xxii. 17. 2 Cor. v. 21. Gal. iii. 13. Rom. ix. 15, 16. Rom. viii. 30. Acts, xiii. 4, 8. and multitudes of other passages.

vation is represented as a glorious display of the incomparable *wisdom* of Jehovah. Eph. iii. 10. But where is his wisdom in devising a scheme of deliverance for ruined man, and accomplishing the mighty work by the sufferings and death of his beloved Son, if the human race could have effected it by their own ability? It is said to be a striking illustration of the *justice* of God; (Rom. iii. 25, 26;) but where is the justice of the Deity, in accepting, as sufficient, (which he must do, if the creature be saved by his own merits,) an imperfect righteousness; for the best human righteousness is, without controversy, imperfect, in place of the infinitely perfect righteousness of the Son of God? The sacred writers affirm, that redemption is an amazing proof of the matchless *love* of the great Parent of the universe; (John, iii. 16;) but where, or how does his love appear, on the ground of human worthiness, but as affording aid to those who had no need of it, and who were amply able to work out their own salvation? Indeed, the doctrine of human merit subverts the whole of Christianity, and represents Christ as having died on the cross for no important or desirable purpose. 'If,' as the apostle strikingly and justly argues, 'righteousness come by the works of the law, then is Christ dead in vain.' Gal. ii. 21. Whoever

will consider the nature of God, and the relation of a creature, cannot, with reason, think that eternal life was of itself due from God, as a recompense from Adam, had he persisted in a state of innocence. Who can think so great a reward due, for having done that which a creature in that relation was obliged to do? Can any man think another obliged to convey an inheritance of a thousand pounds a year, upon his payment of a few farthings? How ignorant, self-sufficient, and presumptuous, is the language of the man, who talks of paying the mighty debt he owes to divine justice! How much more rational and scriptural is the sentiment of one of our sweetest poets:

‘ Pay! follow Christ, and all is paid;
His death your peace ensures;
Look to the grave where he was laid,
And calm descend to yours!’ ”

“ You are quoting Cowper now, papa.”

“ Yes, Edwin, I love to quote him. His doctrines are in full harmony with the angelic anthem: they every where inculcate ‘Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will to men.’ For my own part,” continued Mr. Howard, “ when I hear people saying, that they expect to be saved by what Christ has done, as an addition to their own merit, they

remind me of people who should kindle a number of little tapers, because they think the meridian sun insufficient to enlighten the world. Ah! put out, extinguish for ever, I would say, to those who would add any thing to the divinely-finished work of the adorable Redeemer, your insignificant, wretched, contemptible lights, and exult in the full splendour of the magnificent beams of the Sun of Righteousness."

"This, papa, would be most agreeable to well-informed reason, as well as to Scripture."

"It would, Edwin. Hence Dr. Young exclaims:

'Believe, and show the *reason* of a man;
Believe, and taste the pleasure of a God;
Believe, and look with triumph on the tomb!'

Well did professor Dixon of Edinburgh say to one of his friends on his death-bed, 'I have taken my good deeds, and my bad ones, and thrown them together, and fled from both to the merit of Christ, and in him I have found peace.' There is, Edwin, among the books I have recently purchased, an account of a pious youth*, which I much wish you to peruse. It

* Account of Pretor Whitty, by John Bullar.

is a well-written and instructive little volume. Some of his last words were: 'I am surrounded with nothing but mercies; but the greatest of all mercies is Jesus Christ. I want no other refuge. None beside will suit me.' And when a friend asked him, whether he had not once doubted the divinity of the Saviour? 'No, Sir,' said he: 'I must have a *whole* Saviour: a *half* Saviour will not do for me.' Oh, Edwin, I trust that you will, like the apostle, 'count all things but loss for the excellency of the knowledge of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ.'"

CHAP. VI.

WE SHOULD CAREFULLY USE OUR EYES.

MR. WALLACE was an intimate friend of Mr. Howard's: they occasionally visited each other. Mr. W.'s mansion was but little more than three miles from Mr. H.'s. As the midsummer holidays had now commenced, Mr. Wallace

sent to entreat that Edwin might spend a few days with his sons, who were just returned from school. His papa gave him leave, and the servant took him the next morning.

Edwin had been from home only a few times. Mr. H. was so much his friend and companion, as well as his father, that he was quite happy in his society.

It had been a principal object with Mr. H. to call the understanding of his son into exercise. He was of opinion, that most persons who had the charge of youth, injudiciously loaded the memory, and forgot that, in a good education, it is a primary object to teach young people to think with propriety. Edwin was expected, at all times, during his absence from his papa, to give an account how he had spent his leisure hours. For this purpose, he kept a diary, in which he made a brief minute of whatever he saw or heard which he thought worthy of being noticed. This interesting little record he was accustomed to read over to his father.

Mr. H. had so much devoted himself to the education of his son, and he was so commonly with him, that he felt his absence very much, and longed for his return. The hours, however, did not pass away heavily, as they do to some people, who many times do not know what to do with themselves. Oh no: he made a

pastoral visit to a great part of his congregation. He sought out the afflicted, and relieved them. He examined into his concerns. And occasionally, as a relaxation from study, he would labour in the garden, or take a walk to meditate and pray. He used to say, that heaven and earth must be blotted out, and become one vast unmeaning blank, before he could be deprived of his pleasures. He would stand for a long time, to mark the setting sun. He admired the clouds around the horizon, beautifully tinged with his glory, and often gazed on them with unutterable delight. He sometimes rose sufficiently early to see him pour his first and softest beams over the wide creation. The sight always reminded him of that fine passage of sacred writ, "The path of the just is as the shining light, shining brighter and brighter to the perfect day."

At length the evening came for the return of Edwin. Mr. H. walked out more than a mile on the road, hoping to meet him. He did not arrive at the time expected, and he began to fear that something had happened to his darling boy. Presently he perceived a servant riding towards him, who put a letter into his hand. Mr. H. knew it was the hand-writing

of his Edwin. He opened it, and read as follows.

MY DEAR PAPA,

"I THINK it long since I have seen you. I feel that I much love you; and though I am surrounded here with every comfort, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace, and my young friends, do all in their power to make me happy, yet I shall be glad when the morning comes on which I shall return to you. You know not how much I have suffered a few times, when I have seen Mrs. W. caressing her children: then I felt that I had lost my dear mamma;—I felt that I had no mother, to care for and love me, and I burst into a flood of tears.

"I do not know that I have ever felt in this way when at home: I suppose it is, because you are both mamma and papa too, to me.

"I hope you are quite well. Please to give me a letter to say so, by William, who will bring you this.

"Mr. W. wishes you to permit me to stay till the beginning of the next week. He has done all in his power to amuse and please me, and my young friends, who are come home for the holidays. We have seen many things, of

which I will tell you when I return. I have some little account of them in my journal.

"My dear papa, I cannot tell you how much I love you. From your ever dutiful son,

"EDWIN HOWARD."

"Tell Edwin," said Mr. H. to the servant, when he had read the letter, "that he has my permission to stay a little longer. But he shall hear from me to-morrow morning."

Immediately on his return home, he hastened to fulfil his promise. Edwin was always peculiarly glad to hear from his papa. The following letter was indeed a real pleasure to him.

MY DEAR BOY,

"I WAS glad to hear yesterday, by William, that you were well and happy. Health is a blessing of the first importance: without it, the common enjoyments of life are tasteless. How strange it is, that very few persons are sensible of its value, till they are deprived of it. Then they begin to think of the goodness of God in its bestowment. It was the continuance of the blessing, as Mrs. More judiciously remarks, and not its loss, which should have excited their gratitude.

"In addition to health, you enjoy very many

mercies. I hope you bow your knees each morning and evening at the throne of grace, and offer the thanksgivings of your heart. I hope and believe, that you do not forget the great and gracious Being from whom all your comforts flow.

“Be studiously kind and amiable to all who are around you. Let it be your ambition to be loved by every one who knows you. I called at a friend’s house some time since, where a little boy had been visiting; and the lady who lived there observed, that the whole family were sorry to part with him. He had endeared himself to them all. I trust this will always be said of you.

“You know I do not object to any rational recreation. I wish you to excel in any youthful sports which afford you healthful exercise. I like to see you occasionally not only cheerful, (this, indeed, you ought always to be,) but even merry. But ever take care, that you are not mischievous or hurtful to any one.

“Be sure and pay attention to your journal. When I give you money, though I have reason to be satisfied with your discretion, I like to know what you have done with it. Time is more valuable than money, in many respects: you ought always to be able to give a good ac-

count of it. We must at last give an account of all our time to God.

“ I do not expect your journal to contain a full description of all you see which is worth notice: this would occupy too much of your time, and deprive you of many an excursion which I should wish you to take. You will recollect, that I have often told you that I only wish you to put down a few sentences, which may serve as a clue to your memory; so that, in conversation, you may give me a full account at your return.

“ In looking over my papers, I found a piece of poetry which I wrote the summer after I lost your dear mamma. As it contains an allusion to her, and as you are fond of my verses, I send you a copy of them. Here they are:

SUMMER.

“ No more in stormy chariot wild,
Drear winter drives along the plain;
The vernal season sweetly smil'd,
And summer, now so gay and mild,
Leads forth her happy train.

“ Touch'd by the sun's creative ray,
With swarming life what crowds are blest;
To haunt the fountain's murmur'ing way,
Or mid the melting ether play,
Till evening's hour of rest.

" Sweet is the morning's genial gale,
And sweet the foliage of the grove;
And sweet the view of new-mown vale,
Where cottage swains rehearse the tale,
Where mourns the plaintive dove.

" To please the poet's musing eye,
Ten thousand flowery forms appear;
Whilst music warbles round the sky,
To hush the life-consuming sigh,
And soothe his pensive ear.

" But one there is, for whom the mead,
With all its flow'rs, no charm bestows;
His verdant fields are wrapt in shade,
And every bow'r in ruin laid,
That offer'd sweet repose.

" Could She but once again appear,
His bow'rs might haply bloom awhile;
The vernal suns would shine more clear,
And Summer then would be more dear,
And Winter wear a smile.

"How delightful, my dear Edwin, is the reflection, that there is a world where bosom friends do not separate. May we meet in that happy country!

"With love to the dear family in which you are, and thanks for their kindness to you, I am, my dear Edwin, your ever-loving father,

" J. HOWARD."

About ten days afterwards, Mr. H. received a note from Edwin, to say that he should return the next evening, as the young gentlemen, his companions, were very busy, in prospect of resuming their labours at school. Mr. Wallace sent him home at the appointed time, in his barouche.

"I don't know how it is, papa," said Edwin, after the first salutations had passed over, "but though I have many more indulgencies when visiting our friends, yet I like home best. Papa, I feel most happy at home. I suppose it is, because you are here."

"And I assure you, my dear, I like to have you at home. When you are absent, I feel very sensibly that I have lost my principal companion and friend."

The next day was exceedingly wet, so that Mr. H. could not take his accustomed walk. Edwin was engaged in drawing till dinner-time. After dinner, whilst they partook of a nice dessert, his papa asked him about his journal.

"Oh, papa," said Edwin, "I have so many things to mention to you, that I fear you will be tired of hearing them."

"No, my dear, I am sure I shall not. You know I am never tired of your company. You cannot readily weary me."

"Then I am sure I shall be pleased; for you

know, papa, when I mention places where I have been, and fine things which I have seen, I feel as though I saw the things again, and as if I were here and there at the same time. I like to see beautiful places and objects for this reason: Because, afterwards, I can visit them any moment at my pleasure. And really, these visits, in thought, are very delightful. Alexander Selkirk, you know, papa, says:

‘How fleet is a glance of the mind!
Compar’d with the speed of its flight,
E’en the tempest itself lags behind,
And the swift-winged arrows of light.’

One of the first excursions we took, papa, was to the seat of a nobleman in the neighbourhood. He had disposed of the mansion and estate, and was going to reside in a distant part of the kingdom. The best pictures and articles of furniture were removed, so that we were not so much pleased as we expected. The house was a fine Gothic building, in the midst of a beautiful park of nearly four hundred acres.”

“I should like to have been one of the party: I admire this ancient style of building,” said Mr. H.

“There was a fine gallery, with the ceiling very richly ornamented. I was told it was one hundred and fifty feet long. There was an



oak staircase, papa, which was very large; and it was finely carved. If it had been yours, papa, I am sure you would not have had it daubed over with paint as it was. One part of it was shattered by a cannon-ball, which they showed us, and which they said Oliver Cromwell sent thither in search of his foes. You cannot think, papa, how easily I now keep my journal. See, I only wrote four words about this staircase: *staircase; carved; painted; ball*. Was not this the way you bade me keep it?"

"It was, my dear."

"There was such a quantity of needlework, you cannot think: it was very fine. There were chairs, and bed-furniture, and tapestry in abundance; and they told us, that a lady, who was mistress of the mansion, worked them all with her own hands, a great many years ago. I hardly could think, papa, that one lady could have done them all. Do you suppose she did?"

"Yes, it may be the case, Edwin. The ladies among our ancestors were eminent for their industry. Most likely it was the labour of her whole life."

"There was a very fine painting of king Charles the First and his queen, with two of

their children. The woman said, that it was the only picture in which that king appears without boots."

"There is something peculiarly pleasing in family pictures. To the eye of a parent, the children always give a charm to such performances."

"We were shown the chamber in which king Charles slept; and the closet in which he was hid many days, though his enemies were in the house. I think, papa, I was more pleased with the park, and the great number of noble trees which every where met the eye, than with the house."

"No doubt: because the best pictures and furniture were removed, Edwin. Did you not say so?"

"Yes, papa; but if every thing had been in its place, I should have been most pleased, I think, with the park and the gardens."

"But why, Edwin?"

"Because, you know, papa, one are the works of men, and the other are the works of God. There was a beautiful Portuguese laurel in the garden: every one admired it, papa. Mr. Wallace measured it, and said, that all around the branches it was about seventy yards. I often thought, that any one must be happy who could call this charming estate his own."

"That, my dear, is a very incorrect idea. The possession of such a domain as this, Edwin, is by no means essential to felicity. Happiness is dependent on nothing of an external nature: it arises from the state of the mind. The possessors of palaces and thrones may be, and have been, very miserable. He who knew what would satisfy the human mind, has affirmed, 'that the happiness of a man's life consisteth not in the abundance of the things which he possesseth.' The desires of the human heart are infinite, and nothing less than the friendship and enjoyment of an infinite Being can possibly satiate them. Solomon, with his immensity of riches and pleasures, was still unblest. Haman was wretched, though a vast empire was prostrate at his feet. Wolsey, in his dying moments, when things appear to men as they really are, acknowledged that he had mistaken the path to happiness; that, in the emphatic language of holy writ, 'he had spent his money for that which was not bread, and his labour for that which satisfieth not.' 'If I had served my God,' said he, 'as I have served my king, he would not have forsaken me in my old age.' Forget not, Edwin, that a good man must be happy in affliction or poverty, or even in death; and a bad man cannot be happy, although his circumstances may be ever so prosperous."

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"The next thing, papa, mentioned in my journal, is the bees. Mr. Wallace has a fine apiary. I wish you would have one, papa. But then you must have a glass hive, or you could not look at the bees. I do not know, papa, that I was ever much more pleased than in looking at these wonderful little creatures. What a surprising thing is the honey-comb. Did you ever examine one?"

"Oh yes, many times. I have often thought, that it is not so surprising that men should build a fine city, as it is that this insect should build the honey-comb."

"How smooth and beautiful they make their cells, though they have nothing to work with but their feet and their two teeth. Who could have taught them to make their honey-cells deeper and larger than the others? Mr. Wallace says they do so. It is delightful to see how they help one another, and how they follow and obey their queen and sovereign."

"Yes, it is. I do not know any insect that is so wonderful as the bee, Edwin. You shall have a hive. And I will lend you an excellent work, written by a sensible foreigner on this subject, whose name was Huber. It is the best treatise I have seen: it will give you almost all the information which you can wish for on the subject. I am glad, my dear boy, that you

make so good a use of your eyes. This is the way not only to gain information, but to have a perpetual source of amusement constantly at hand. We will walk a little, as the rain is passed away; and should we be spared till to-morrow, we will have another page or two of your journal."

CHAP. VII.

WE SHOULD CAREFULLY USE OUR EYES.

"CHESTERFIELD, you know, papa, is the nearest town to Mr. Wallace's house. He one day took us to see the iron foundries of Mr. Smith, with whom he is acquainted. We were all very much pleased with them. It is very pleasant, you know, papa, to learn how any thing is made. Mr. Smith was particularly kind to me. He said, papa, many times, that he should have been very glad if you had been of our party. He hopes you will go and visit him. I do not think, however, papa, that the process of mak-

ing iron pleased us so much as the wild beasts, which were at the fair. I had seen most of them before, as you always take me to see wild beasts, when any come near us."

"Yes, Edwin, I wish you to have an extensive acquaintance with the works of God."

"It was a very large collection, papa, and was well worth seeing. There was a small serpent, about ten feet long, of the *boa* species: I never saw one before. It was very finely marked. Though I admired it, I felt a kind of terror in looking at it."

"I do not wonder at this: I always do so. Yet this was a very small one, indeed, compared with the account we have of one in the Roman history. Valerius Maximus, quoting from Livy, informs us, that a snake of a prodigious size stopped the army of Atilius Regulus in Africa. After killing several of the soldiers, it was destroyed by a shower of stones. The skin of this prodigious animal was sent to Rome, and hung up for public inspection in a temple. We are assured that its length was one hundred and twenty feet. It is not, however, unlikely, that the account is somewhat exaggerated. Mr. Mac Leod, the surgeon of the frigate which conveyed the late embassy to China, tells us, that at Batavia they took on board a *boa constrictor* which had been sent from Borneo. 'He

was shut up,' he says, 'in a wooden cage, the bars of which were sufficiently close to prevent his escape. It had a sliding door, for the purpose of admitting the articles on which he was to subsist. The dimensions of the crib were about four feet high, and about five feet square; a space sufficiently large to allow him to coil himself round with ease. The live stock for his use during the passage, consisting of six goats of the ordinary size, were sent with him on board, five being considered as a fair allowance for as many months. At an early period of the voyage, we had an exhibition of his talent in the way of eating, which was publicly performed on the quarter-deck, upon which he was brought. The sliding door being opened, one of the goats was thrust in, and the door of the cage shut. The poor goat, as if instantly aware of all the horrors of its perilous situation, immediately began to utter the most piercing and distressing cries; butting instinctively at the same time, with its head towards the serpent.' You may read, Edwin, the other part of the account at your leisure. For my own part, I feel much when I peruse narratives of this kind; and I am sure I could not, with any comfort, have been a spectator of such a scene."

"There was a very fine elephant in the col-

lection, papa. Though I have seen several, I am always pleased with them. This was eight feet high. I think it was larger than any I had seen before. He was perfectly tame. I fed him, and gently stroked his trunk, and many times told him he was a *fine fellow*. He seemed to enjoy the scene as much as we did. Do you think this was not the case, papa?"

"Most likely it was, Edwin. Most animals, as well as our own species, are sensible when they are treated kindly, and evidently contract a kind of affection for those who are friendly to them. The elephant, especially, is proverbially sagacious. Pope says:

'How instinct varies in the grov'ling swine,
Compar'd, half-reasoning elephant, with thine!
'Twixt that, and reason, what a nice barrier,
For ever separate, yet for ever near!"

The elephant may be trained to do almost any thing. They have often presented a firm front against an enemy in battle. I have heard of one which had more than thirty bullets in the fleshy parts of his body, and he got the better of his wounds. They have often, however, routed and scattered the forces of their employers. Nothing can withstand the fury of an enraged elephant retreating, seriously wounded,

from the field of conflict. He involves his friends and his foes alike in one common ruin."

"There can be no certainty, papa, then, that they will be of much use to those who employ them."

"I think there is not. I was lately reading Forbes's Oriental Memoirs: there is an interesting account of the utility and the sagacity of the elephant. Give me the volume: I think it is on the sideboard. I have not quite finished it. He says, 'I performed many long journeys upon an elephant: nothing could exceed the sagacity, docility, and affection of this noble quadruped. If I stopped to enjoy a prospect, he remained immovable till my sketch was finished. If I wished for ripe mangoes, growing out of the common reach, he selected the most fruitful branch, and breaking it off with his trunk, offered it to the driver for the company on his back; accepting of any part given to himself with a respectful bow, by raising his trunk three times above his head, in the manner of the oriental obeisance, and as often did he express his thanks by a murmuring noise. When a bough obstructed our progress, he twisted his trunk around it, and though of considerable magnitude, broke it off with ease; and often gathered a leafy branch, either to keep off the flies, or as a fan to agitate the air around him,

by waving it with his trunk. He generally paid a visit to the tent-door during breakfast, to procure sugar-candy or fruit, and to be cheered by the encomiums and caresses he deservedly met with. No spaniel could be more innocently playful, nor fonder of those who noticed him, than this docile animal, which, on particular occasions, appeared conscious of his exaltation above the brute creation.' "

"This is a very pleasing passage, papa. You see, Forbes notices what I thought was very visible, the satisfaction and joy of the elephant on being commended. How surprising it is, that the flies should annoy so huge a creature."

"It is. We should never make a foe of any person, however low he may be in the scale of society. Some time or other he may be in a state to do us essential service or injury."

"Forbes remarks, papa, that he went long journeys on an elephant: surely he must have been a long time going."

"No, though it is so unwieldy a creature, it often travels very rapidly. It will often, for five or six weeks together, go on at the rate of forty or fifty miles a day, and do it very cheerfully, and with a considerable load on its back."

"How, papa, can they tame so prodigious a creature?"

"By various methods; and they often do it

in a few days. They fasten the animal they have taken by ropes thrown round the legs and body, which they make secure. They place the wild captive usually between two tame ones: these caress and soothe him. The keepers also assiduoulsy attend him with food, and refresh him by throwing water over him occasionally; till, in a very little while, he loses his ferocity, and does as his attendant bids him."

"It was said, papa, in the chapter you read this morning at family devotion, that 'every kind of beasts, and of birds, and of serpents, and things in the sea, is tamed, and hath been tamed of mankind. But the tongue,' the apostle says, is more ungovernable than the very beasts of the forests: this he declares 'no man can tame: it is an unruly evil, full of deadly poison.'"

"But there are methods of taming an unruly tongue, Edwin."

"But, papa, James says, 'no man can tame it.'"

"True, not in his own strength. But if, by the help of God, he endeavours to watch over his thoughts, and to keep the door of his lips, the tongue may, and often has been tamed, and is tamed; and the good fruit it produces is compared by Solomon to that of the tree of

life. But what other animals did you see, Edwin?"

"I did not make any memoranda of those I had repeatedly seen before. There was a lion, a hyæna, and a bear; but you know, papa, we have repeatedly seen these."

"Yes. Mention only those you had not seen."

"They were but a few. There was an orang outang. They called him the wild man of the woods. I was disappointed in this animal. I did not see any very striking resemblance to the human form."

"This has always been the impression on my own mind. Indeed, it generally walks on all fours. This is its natural position; and it clings to the branches of trees with its toes, which are as long as fingers, as well as with its hands. It seems to me to be only a superior species of ape. Buffon, indeed, says of one, that he had seen him sit down at table, unfold his napkin, wipe his lips, use a spoon or fork to carry the victuals to his mouth, pour his liquor into a glass, and make it touch that of a person who drank along with him. When invited to take tea, he brought a cup and a saucer, placed them on the table, put in sugar, poured out the tea, and allowed it to cool before he drank it. All these actions he performed by the signs

and orders of his master, and often of his own accord. He was perfectly harmless, and loved to be caressed. It must not, however, be forgotten, that this creature had been carefully taught: much pains had been taken with him. But a well-educated monkey would have done the same."

"There was a cameleon in the collection, papa: I never saw one before. I much wanted to see one."

"Forbes tells us, that in India they are to be found in every thicket. He gives the best account I have ever seen of this animal. I will read you a part of it.

" 'This little creature,' he says, 'is about nine inches long; the body only half that length, varying in circumference, as it is more or less inflated. The head, like that of a fish, is immovably fixed to the shoulders; but every inconvenience is removed by the structure of the eyes, which, like spheres rolling on an invisible axis, are placed in deep cavities, projecting from the head. Through a small perforation in the exterior convexity, appears a bright pupil, surrounded by a yellow iris, which, by the singular formation and motion of the eye, enables the animal to see what passes before, behind, or on either side; and it can give one eye all these motions, while the other remains

perfectly still. A hard rising protects these delicate organs; another extends from the forehead to the nostrils. The mouth is large and furnished with teeth, with a tongue half the length of the body, and hollow, like an elephant's trunk. It darts nimbly at flies and other insects. On the fore feet are three toes nearest the body, and two without: the hinder exactly the reverse. With these claws it clings fast to the branches, to which it sometimes entwines itself by the tail, and remains suspended. The skin is granulated like shagreen, except a range of hard teeth-like excrescences on the ridge of the back, which are always of the same colour as the body; whereas, a row of similar projections beneath continue perfectly white, notwithstanding any change of the animal.'"

"How wonderful it is, papa, that it should so alter its colour, as I have heard it does!"

"It is, indeed. I think Forbes has a few interesting sentences on this subject. Yes, here they are. 'The general colour of the cameleon so long in my possession, was a pleasant green, spotted with pale blue: from this it changed to a bright yellow, dark olive, and a dull green; but never appeared to such advantage as when irritated, or a dog approached it. The body was then considerably inflated, and the skin clouded like tortoise-shell, in shades of

yellow, orange, green, and black. A black object always caused an almost instantaneous transformation: the room appropriated for its accommodation was skirted by a board painted black: this the animal carefully avoided; but if he accidentally drew near it, or we placed a black hat in his way, he was reduced to a hideous skeleton, and from the most lively tints became black as jet. On removing the cause, the effect as suddenly ceased: the sable hue was succeeded by a brilliant colouring, and the body was again inflated."

"I thank you, papa, for this description. Though I have seen the little creature, I should not have known so much of it without your kind information. There were three stuffed humming-birds, with a nest and some eggs in it, on a branch of a shrub. The wonderful power and wisdom of God, papa, appear as vast in the lesser as in the greater parts of creation. Do they not?"

"They do, Edwin. And the humming-bird is a beautiful little creature."

"Indeed it is, papa: I think I have seen bees nearly as large. The bill was black. I observed feathers on them that were grey, and white, and dark blue, and red, and of a violet brown. The nest was round, like our common birds' nests. The inside was lined with a very

soft down: the outer part was built of fine green moss. The eggs, of which there were four in the nest, were white, and about as big as a pea."

"Then there were two more than there should have been, Edwin. If my memory does not fail me, the humming-bird lays only two. It flutters about very much like a bee from flower to flower, humming as it flies, from whence it has its name. The places they frequent are often strewn with flowers; for if they do not find any food in a flower, they will tear it to pieces in anger. They do not feed on insects or fruit; but have been kept alive for weeks on a little sugared water. Mr. Forbes tell us, that whilst he was at the Brazils, he used daily to walk in a beautiful valley in the neighbourhood of St. Sebastian. 'There,' says he, 'thousands of nature's choristers, arrayed in all the brilliancy of tropical plumage, enlivened the extensive orange groves. The humming-bird, the smallest and most lovely of the feathered race, buzzed like the bee, while sipping the nectareous dew from the blossoms of the flowers. Nothing can exceed the delicacy of these little beauties; especially of that which, from its minuteness, is called the fly-bird. Its bill and legs are not thicker than a pin: its head, tufted with glossy jet, varies with every motion into

shades of green and purple. The breast is of a bright flame-colour. Every feather, when viewed through a microscope, appears as if fringed with silver, and spotted with gold.”

“Oh, papa, how greatly I should have delighted to have been with him there! I would have caught some of them, and brought them home.”

“No, Edwin, you would not have brought them home, because this would have been impracticable. They would not have lived long in confinement: they are too delicate to bear it. And even if you could have brought them to England, the coldness of our climate would soon have killed them.”

“I should like to have some of their feathers to examine through a microscope. Each of them would present a fine object: would they not, papa?”

“No doubt they would, Edwin. In the museum belonging to the university of Oxford, there is a curious model of a ship, and a picture of our Saviour going to crucifixion, composed entirely of the feathers of the humming-bird: They are curious articles.”

“I should like to see them.”

“When I take you to Oxford, which I in-

tend to do, when we can spare time for a considerable holiday, Edwin, I will show them to you."

"There was a very large turkey in a pen just under the humming-birds. They formed a prodigious contrast. I could not help thinking, how differently a feather from the wing of the humming-bird, and one from the wing of the turkey, laid by the side of each other, would look."

"They were, indeed, as you say, Edwin, a prodigious contrast. But I never hear this bird named, without thinking of what I should call some cruel experiments made by an Italian. In order to try the strength of the digestive powers of the turkey, Spallanzani, for that was his name, forced tin tubes, filled with grain, into the stomach of one. After twenty hours, the turkey was killed, and the tubes were found broken, compressed, and distorted. He then fixed twelve needles firmly in a ball of lead, cased them with paper, and forced them down the throat of another. It did not show any sign of uneasiness. At the close of a day and a half, all were found broken off at the surface of the ball. After this, he fixed twelve small lancets in a piece of lead; and, at the expiration of eight hours, nothing appeared except the naked ball. The

twelve lances were broken in pieces, yet the stomach was sound and entire *."

"Don't you think, papa, that the turkey must have suffered much?"

"I think so, Edwin. The experiment was cruel, but the result was wonderful."

"The owner of the caravan showed us a nest of a sparrow, brought from the East Indies, in the shape of a bottle, made of strong grass. He told us, that they hang usually downwards from the extremity of a twig, to secure them from the monkeys, squirrels, and birds of prey."

"There is a nest which a swallow builds in Java, and other islands of the East, which the people eat. Indeed, large quantities are annually sent to the Chinese market."

"They must be very different, papa, from any birds' nests we have ever seen. No one could eat any of the nests which are built by the birds in England."

"Assuredly not. They are formed, I believe, of some glutinous substance, which dissolves, and furnishes an agreeable article for food. At least, it is regarded as a luxury by the Chinese."

* Bingley's Animal Biography, vol. ii. p. 168.

"I think, papa, I should not be readily brought to like them."

"Perhaps not; though we cannot tell, unless we could taste them. Have you got nearly to the end of your journal?"

"Oh no, papa. I have told you nothing about Matlock, or Buxton, or the Peak, or Mr. Wallace's museum of natural curiosities."

"These we must reserve for another conversation. It is a great mercy you have gone out and returned home in safety. I hope you feel thankful to God for his abounding goodness."

CHAP. VIII.

"THAT is a very beautiful group of flowers," said Mr. Howard, "which you brought from Mr. Wallace's."

"I thought you would like it, papa, as you are so fond of flowers. They were drawn and coloured by Emma Wallace."

"Yes, I knew they were hers."

"And could not you make some verses on

them, papa? Emma hoped you would do so; and if you did, she made me promise that I would send her a copy of them. We all knew you were fond of writing on flowers."

"The subject is, indeed, very pleasing to me. And as I saw them this morning on my study table, a thought struck me, which I have put into verse. Here it is: you may send Emma a copy if you please.

THE ARTIFICIAL NOSEGAY.

TO EMMA WALLACE.

"Through tedious months, by various art,
With their unnumber'd dyes,
To please the eye, and charm the heart,
The florist's beauties rise.

"But you, dear Emma, at your ease,
Can give the rose its bloom;
Your magic touches, when you please,
With flow'rs adorn the room.

"The treasures of the florist too,
Flourish, then fade and die;
Whilst we admire each transient hue,
We heave the gentle sigh.

"But yours, dear Emma, live and smile
Through many a stormy day;
And when chill winter blasts our isle,
Are beautifully gay.

"So, Emma, may you live and shine,
When all around decays;
A flow'r, produced by skill divine,
To bloom through endless days."

"Oh, papa, how pretty it is! Emma will be so pleased, and Charles, and James, and Mr. and Mrs. Wallace. Oh! I am sure they will thank you, as I do, papa. I do think that this is the prettiest little piece which you have ever written."

"Come, then, repay me for it, by giving me some further account of your excursions."

"That I will, for I am always a gainer by telling you any thing. I told you, papa, that we went to Matlock. We staid several days there, and went all around it. I was particularly pleased with the entrance into the dale: it is through an immense rock, which Mr. Wallace told me had been blown up, to make a convenient passage. Oh, papa, from that spot there is such a prospect! You cannot think how fine it is."

"Oh, I well recollect it. It is no common specimen of the sublime and the beautiful."

"On one side there are large rocks, rugged and bare; and on the other side of the dale there are rocks rising perpendicularly, about three hundred feet from the dale. Some of

them are adorned with a profusion of shrubs and trees. It is a fine and bold landscape."

Do you recollect the name of the river which runs through the dale?"

"It is the Derwent, papa. And trees, and rocks, and shrubs, hang over it in different places, in a very picturesque manner. If I had but had leisure, I could have drawn some pretty pictures for you, from the scenery around Matlock."

"I wish you had had leisure; for I much desire that you should cultivate the interesting art of throwing any object you please on a piece of paper, and shutting it up in your portfolio."

"The village of Matlock, papa, is inhabited chiefly by people employed in the lead-mines, and in the manufacture of cotton. We went into it over a neat stone bridge; and the houses are mostly built of stone. The church is at a distance from the place, and stands on the edge of a romantic rock. The tower seems very old, and has pinnacles on its top."

"Did you not notice any thing on the tower but the pinnales?"

"Oh yes; but I had forgot the strange figures of animals which *decorate*, should I say, papa, or *deform* the structure, and which serve for spouts. The village is not built with any regu-

larity, but rises, on the side of the mountain, houses above houses, till you get to the top of it."

"This is a just description of it. But did you take any of the water?"

"Yes, papa: we all thought that it was very much like the water at Clifton hot wells."

"It is; and I think it is generally recommended for the same diseases. Did you visit the cotton-mills of Sir Richard Arkwright?"

"Yes; and we were delighted with the machinery. They are worked, papa, not by steam, like those you have shown me, but by the water which flows from Cromford Sough, which, they told us, throws out from forty to fifty tons a minute; and, as it is principally supplied from warm springs, the working of the mills is not interrupted even by the most intense frost."

"That is a considerable advantage. Sir Richard Arkwright was a poor man; but, by his ingenuity and industry, he acquired for his family a princely fortune. But did you notice any thing else at Matlock?"

"Oh yes, papa: the walks around it are delightful. One day, we crossed the river, and went along a walk till we came to the edge of a very high precipice, which commands a delightful prospect. There is another walk, which they call the Lover's Walk, which winds along

by the side of the river: the branches of the trees enclose it in many places, and make a beautiful arch. I was also pleased with another fine walk through a grove, between the old and new baths. But there is one thing which pains me at these fine places, papa."

"What is it, my dear?"

"The number of afflicted people which one meets with."

"This must be a source of sorrow to a feeling mind. But there is always some drawback in all worldly enjoyment."

"We met, papa, every day, a young man, and several delicate females in the bloom of life, pining away by consumption."

"This world is not our abiding dwelling-place. We know not how soon we may be summoned out of it. God has designed a far better portion for us, if we seek his favour. This, indeed, as the Psalmist says, is a blessing better than life with all its enjoyments. But there are two objects near Matlock, which I am surprised you did not name first: you could not possibly overlook them."

"No, papa: I know what you mean; but I purposely reserved them for the last. You know, papa, you told me, the other day, in your Lecture on Rhetoric, that you loved a good climax."

"So I do. And the High Tor and the Masson Hill finish the climax, my dear boy, sublimely. Truly, this is fine rhetoric."

"I was going to say, that I was much pleased with the white face of the rocks, frequently bursting into view, and forming a pleasing contrast to the green verdure of the woodland, on their sides and summits. You have brought me suddenly to the High Tor, papa; but the thought that you have been to Matlock, spoils all my descriptions."

"It need not, Edwin. It is many years since I visited the enchanting spot; and though one can never forget such a scene, yet the impressions on my mind were somewhat faint, till you retouched them. You can use your pencil very well, for a boy of your age. The master of a fine vocabulary of language, who has a good judgment and a fine imagination, is also an artist of no mean skill. The scenery he describes springs up, as if by enchantment, before our enraptured gaze. I hope, Edwin, you will paint skilfully in this way: you will, if you are concerned to do so."

"But the High Tor, papa: I wonder you can see or speak of any thing else, after naming this immense rock; unless, indeed, it be Masson Hill. If you recollect, the High Tor rises almost perpendicularly from the Derwent, like a

mighty wall. It is composed, Mr. Wallace said, of limestone, and its height is more than three hundred and fifty feet. It is a stupendous object. Masson Hill, which is just opposite to it, is also a grand and delightful eminence. We one day scaled the Heights of Abraham. Here even the High Tor appeared to be much less than I thought it was; and we seemed to look down upon it. Nothing can exceed the prospect, papa, from this hill. I did not learn the height of it."

"It is about seven hundred and fifty feet, Edwin, I think."

"We staid a considerable time at the alcove, papa, about half way up the hill. There is a most delightful prospect there, from an avenue made for the purpose: it includes a very great part of Matlock Dale."

"Do you recollect why the top of Masson Hill is called the Heights of Abraham?"

"Mr. Wallace said, papa, because it resembled the Heights of that name near Quebec, which were taken by general Wolfe, in 1759, at the time he took Quebec from the French."

"True: you should enquire always why things are named so and so, as there is usually a reason. I am not surprised that the scenery around Matlock delighted you. When in such a spot, we should often think how lovely and

glorious that great Being must be, whose works are so surpassingly beautiful and magnificent."

"I hope I did, papa; for, as Cowper says,

'His presence, who made all so fair, perceiv'd,
Makes all still fairer.'

The weather became wet, and we left Matlock rather earlier than we expected; but the next week it cleared up again, and Mr. Wallace took Charles, and James, and myself, to Buxton. But I do not like Buxton, papa, so well as Matlock."

"I suppose you would not, Edwin. I have never been there; but I apprehend, from what I have heard, that the scenery is not so picturesque, but more rugged, and of a different kind altogether to what you saw at Matlock."

"It is, indeed, papa, very different. It is surrounded by open and bleak tracts of moorland. The crescent, however, is very beautiful. It has three stories: the lowest forms a fine colonnade, which extends all along the front. At each end of the crescent is an hotel. We drank the waters repeatedly at St. Anne's Well. It is very surprising, papa, that there should be a cold spring within only five feet of the hot one, and yet they do not at all interfere with each other. The building in which this well is, is a very handsome one, in the Grecian style. The

water is received into a white marble basin. We were told that it was not so warm as the waters at Bath."

"I suppose Mr. Wallace showed you the vast precipice which is called Lover's Leap: did he not?"

"Yes, papa; and the scene is a very fine one. The dell around is bounded by elevated rocks, which, for a great way, are so near each other, that there is scarcely room for the current of the river Wye, which makes a great noise as it passes over them. There is a circular road, which extends about three miles, and which commands the finest scenery in this part of the neighbourhood. It formed a delightful excursion for us one morning."

"I dare say it did, Edwin. And I suppose that Poole's Hole would be sufficient for another day's excursion: was it not?"

"Yes, papa. This, I think, is not above a mile from Buxton. It is a vast cavern, formed by nature, in the limestone rock."

"Do you recollect the origin of the name?"

"Mr. Wallace told us, papa, that there was a tradition that it was once the residence of an outlaw, whose name was Poole."

"Did it answer your expectations?"

"Not at first, papa. The entrance is low and narrow, but it soon widens into a vast

cavern, the roof of which is covered with transparent crystals. Indeed, they hang in large spiral masses in every direction, and reflect the light in the most beautiful manner. The roof, indeed, is covered with the most brilliant diamonds."

"Did you not see any of these brilliant articles except on the roof?"

"There were many of them on the floor, and sometimes large quantities of them together, which all have their different names."

"Did you mark down the principal of them?"

"I did, papa, for they were very singular. There was one of immense size about the middle of the cavern, which they called the *fitch of bacon*. It is very beautiful. One could imagine it to be a vast pile of silver."

"Of *transparent* silver, I suppose you mean, Edwin, if we may imagine such an article."

"The principal mass of these crystals is surprisingly large, and is called *Mary queen of Scots' pillar*. They told us that she came thus far into the cavern, and that the pillar has ever since been called by her name."

"It is not unlikely that this was the case. This unfortunate queen did pass some part of her captivity at Buxton."

"Few people go beyond the queen of Scots'

pillar, papa, as the road is rather difficult. It does not seem of much consequence to do so, as we see the principal part of the cavern without going any further; though it does not end till about three hundred feet beyond this celebrated spot. We came back along a different path, and found a great many more masses of crystals: some of them were very large, and of surprising forms. Our guide called one stupendous pile *Poole's Saddle*, another he called *Poole's Turtle*, and a third his *Woolsack*. The *Lion*, the *Lady's Toilet*, the *Pillion*, and the *Bee-hive*, are all names of vast masses of crystals. In our course back, we came to a fine spring of water. We all drank of it. It was very pleasant, indeed. I forgot to mention, that there is a small cavern on one side, which they called *Poole's Chamber*, in which they told us there was a remarkable echo. We were all delighted with our excursion. The reflection of the crystals from the lights carried by the guides was so brilliant and beautiful, that I know not how to describe it. The Peak Cavern, however, papa, was, in many respects, more wonderful even than this. It is near a village named Castleton, very romantically situated in a beautiful vale. The entrance to the Peak Cavern forms a contrast to that of Poole's Hole. That is narrow, as I told you, papa; but this is

wide and magnificent. The vast grey rocks rise almost perpendicularly to the height of nearly three hundred feet. Meeting each other at right angles, they form the entrance to this celebrated excavation. It is one hundred and twenty feet in width, forty-two in height, and in its receding depth about ninety feet. In this gulf, papa, a number of poor twine-makers live: their rough habitations, and the instruments necessary for their business, contrasted with the scenery around, have a most singular appearance. After we had gone down, by a gentle descent, about ninety feet, the roof becomes very low; the day-light, which had become less and less at every step, now left us, and we supplied its place by several torches."

"Were you not afraid, Edwin, to proceed?"

"I certainly was not without some degree of awe upon my spirits, papa. But I soon became easy, when I considered that Mr. Wallace was with us, and that we had guides, who were well acquainted with the way."

"It is, indeed, absolutely necessary in such circumstances to have a guide: you could not have ventured to make any advance without one. So, my dear boy, we shall never find our way usefully or happily through life, except by the kind guidance of our heavenly Father. He bids us, in his word, 'acknowledge him in all

our ways,' and he has mercifully promised to direct our path. Youth, especially, need his guidance. Cry to him, Edwin, as your Father, the guide of your youth."

"I hope I do, papa."

"Then, though father as well as mother forsake you, the Lord will take you up. But to return to your wonderful excursion. How did you proceed?"

"The road was very much confined: we were all sometimes obliged to stoop for about twenty yards; then we came into a wide opening, which they called Bell-house. A little further, there was a small lake, which was named the *First Water*: our guide said that it was forty feet long, but not more than two or three feet deep. We crossed it in a boat. We landed in an immense apartment: our light was not sufficient for us distinctly to see the sides or the roof. Our guide told us it was two hundred and twenty feet long, two hundred feet broad, and, in many places, one hundred and twenty feet high. The stream flows through the whole length of the cavern: at length it spreads into what is called the *Second Water*, at the end of which is a projecting pile of rocks, called by the name of *Roger Rain's House*, because large drops of water constantly fall through the crevices of the roof. Beyond this, another tremendous exca-

vation opens to the view: they call it the *Chancel*. The rocks here are very much broken, and covered with crystal. From this place we went to another vast room, called the *Devil's Cellar*; and then, papa, we passed under three fine natural arches to another apartment, which, because it has a bell-like appearance, they call *Great Tom of Lincoln*. The guides wedged a little gunpowder into one of the rocks, and set fire to it. The sound appeared to roll along the sides and roof like thunder, and continued for some time. Mr. Wallace said that the whole length of this astonishing cavern is two thousand two hundred and fifty feet, or, nearly half a mile; and its depth, from the surface of the mountain, six hundred and twenty feet. But, papa, it is impossible to give you any full idea of these wonderful caverns; though, I confess, it was very pleasant to come up out of them; and the gradual breaking of the light upon the rocks around us, as we returned to the full blaze of day, was delightful."

"I feel greatly pleased, Edwin, with your excellent account of your excursion. I am glad you know how to use your eyes. I know some young folks, and some people too who are grown up, who, if they had been with you, would have known nothing scarcely of all the wonders they had visited."

"Charles Wallace, papa, did keep a journal, like mine; but his was more full and complete, as I found after we got home, and his mamma asked us what we had seen. But James had hardly any thing to say: he was much pleased with his excursions, but this was all."

Hector, our fine Newfoundland dog, would doubtless have been much pleased to have accompanied you; but we expect something more of a rational creature, who has understanding, memory, and feeling, who can reflect on things, and compare one with another. Besides, the more we see of the works of God, the wiser and the better we ought to be. How puny are all the apartments formed by the skill of man, contrasted with these immense vaults which you have visited, formed and supported by the divine hand! For we should not forget, that the Great God is to be seen every where. He created the bowels of the earth, and stored it with minerals for the use of man, no less than its surface, and his goodness ought to be acknowledged."

"Mr. Wallace, papa, made many remarks of this kind, whilst we were going through the Peak cavern. I recollect one verse he quoted from one of our poets with much emphasis: he said,

‘Earth, with its caverns, dark and deep,
Lies in his spacious hand;
He fix’d the seas what bounds to keep,
And where the hills must stand.’

Even in these deep places of the earth, he often remarked, we could not hide ourselves from the all-seeing eye of God.”

“True, Edwin. The Psalmist expresses this same sentiment very sublimely. ‘Whither,’ he says, ‘shall I go from thy spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence? If I ascend up into heaven, thou art there; if I make my bed in hell, behold! thou art there. If I take the wings of the morning, and dwell in the uttermost parts of the sea; even there shall thy hand lead me, and thy right hand shall hold me. If I say, surely the darkness shall cover me; even the night shall be light about me. Yea, the darkness hideth not from thee; but the night shineth as the day: the darkness and the light are both alike to thee!’ Oh that God would write these sublime and useful sentiments on our hearts!”

CHAP. IX.

Just as Edwin and his papa were about to take their usual walk, Mr. Wallace drove up to the garden gate. Emma was with him: she had taken a very bad cold; and though she was much better than she had been, her health was in a very delicate state. She had been advised to go a little from home, for change of air. She had spent little more than a week at her aunt's, and now Mr. Wallace was about to take her home.

Mr. Howard was exceedingly glad to see them. He was much attached to him and his family: their friendship was sincere, ardent, and mutual. There was a perfect harmony of religious opinion between them; though they somewhat differed in their political views. This, however, by no means lessened their affectionate regard. Mr. Howard prevailed on him to stay and dine with him, and to spend the remainder of the day.

Whilst his papa was called out of the par-

lour, Edwin went and sat down by Mr. Wallace, and entreated very earnestly that he would leave Emma with them for a week or two, at least. Mr. H. had previously presented the same request; and Edwin learnt, with much joy, that this was almost a settled point. Emma was about two years older than Edwin, and of a most amiable disposition. Every one who knew her, loved her.

Mr. Howard soon returned, and the two gentlemen entered on some conversation relative to their private concerns. Edwin and Emma, therefore, went into the garden, and walked till dinner-time.

"It was very kind of you," said Emma, "to send me those lines on my group of flowers; and it was also very kind of your papa to write them. We were all greatly pleased with them. Mamma, you know, keeps a book, in which any little piece which particularly pleases her is copied. 'The Artificial Nosegay,' I need not inform you, has a prominent place in those select pages."

"I thought this would be the case. I told papa you would all thank him very much."

"Mamma says, I ought to feel especially obliged; and so I do."

"Papa said he should be much gratified if

it pleased you. It is a great amusement to him to write a few lines, when a thought strikes him. But I much fear he does not take any care of his pieces. I found a little poem on the death of my dear mamma, the other day, among some loose papers of no consequence."

"Of course, you took care of it."

"I did. Here it is. I have the original; and I copied this for you, if you will accept of it."

"I shall be much obliged to you for it."

LINES

On the Departure of a beloved Mother.

"Can it be, that so sudden and soon,
Our dear Susan has drawn her last breath?
And is her sun gone down at noon?
And is she the victim of death?
Oh yes; with her kindred she sleeps,
No more shall her form meet our eye;
At the thought, fond affection still weeps,
And speaks her lov'd name with a sigh.

"No more, or by night or by day,
Shall her little one still be her care;
No more in the walk with him stray,
Nor shall he her tenderness share.
She listens not, whilst we complain,
And each of the family mourns;
Nor attends, whilst her prattler in vain
Seeks the mother, who never returns.

"Yet Hope smiles, and enlivens the gloom,
Which encircles the gates of the grave;
She points us beyond the dark tomb,
To Him, who is mighty to save.
See! far from these regions of woe,
She lives on a happier shore;
And exults she has left all below,
To die, and to suffer no more.

"How, then, should the father review,
And her boy, too, the way that she trod;
And follow, till they also too,
Awake in the presence of God:
How should each seek the Saviour's face,
By sincere and importunate pray'r;
Then on earth they shall taste of his grace,
And in heaven her glory shall share!"

"Oh!" said Emma, "how cheering is the hope which the gospel of Christ inspires!"

"Oh yes, it is," replied Edwin. "When I think of my dear mamma, I should be quite unhappy, if it were not for the assurance that she is still living, and in a state of unspeakable felicity. Papa has drawn up a delightful account of the state of her mind when she was ill, and died: he has promised to give it me."

"I should like to see it," said Emma: "it would do one good to read it. I have heard my mamma say, that she died very happily; and you know she was with her almost throughout her whole illness."

"But, Emma, how long have you been so poorly?"

"I took cold in the last excursion I had with my brothers, just before they returned to school. I was wet when I came home, and I neglected to change my clothes immediately."

"How very wrong that was."

"It was a momentary want of thought; but I hope it will be a lesson to me."

"Papa is often saying, that if our minds are properly attentive, we may learn something from all that occurs to us, or around us."

"I am sure we may; but I lament that I am so dull a scholar. I have heard your papa say in the pulpit, that this was one reason why God permitted affliction to fall on us; for our good, and to teach us lessons of the greatest importance. In prosperity we are too apt to forget God; but, in adversity and affliction, we feel that we cannot do without his favour."

"I suppose this was the reason why David says, in the Psalms, it was good for him that he had been afflicted. But I hope, Emma, you will soon be well. If you stay with us, and walk out with papa and me, I think you will. Now do stay as long as you can. And you shall teach me French, and we will draw together, and read travels and voyages; and you

shall see papa's curiosities, and we will do all we can to make you happy."

"I shall be glad to stay a little while; but mamma cannot spare me long. She says I begin to be of use to her in the family. And papa often tells us, that this is the great end of life, to be of use. People who are of no use, he says, might as well have been made stocks or stones. But see, yonder is John coming to call us to dinner."

Immediately as they had sat down to dinner the gate bell rang, and the servant announced Mr. George Blunt. He was a nephew of Mr. Howard's, who had just come of age, and taken possession of a considerable estate, which had been left him, some years before, by his uncle. He had unfortunately become acquainted with some dissipated young men in his neighbourhood: they had brought him to condemn the counsels of his pious father, and of his uncle, who was appointed one of his guardians. To the great grief of his widowed mother, and of his friends, he had become as dissipated and unprincipled as his companions.

After much general conversation, in reference to the affairs of the neighbourhood in which he resided, Mr. Howard enquired more particularly after his mother and family.

"I have not seen my mother lately, uncle,"

said he: "she is not pleased with me, or my most intimate friends, and she does nothing but preach to me. I have had so many of her sermons, that I am grown quite weary of them."

"I am sorry," said Mr. Howard, "you have brought your mind to treat her advice with indifference. She wishes nothing but your welfare. She has given you many proofs, yea, innumerable proofs, of her abounding kindness. She is a most excellent and judicious woman."

"I never," said Mr. Wallace, "knew any one, whose principles were correct, who contemned the advice of an affectionate mother. I hope I was never an undutiful son; but yet, frequently, since I have lost this endeared relative, the language of Cowper has occurred to me:

'We lov'd, but not enough, the tender hand
That rear'd us.'"

"Oh! I beg, Sir, you will not imagine that I do not love my mother. Certainly, I do. But then, my brother Dick is her favourite. She has cast me off as incurable; and truly, because I have parties on Sunday, and am not quite so religious as she would wish me, or as Dick is, she says I shall come to no good, and is always preaching to me. Now, uncle, would you like this?"

"I am sure your mother would do you nothing but good," said Mr. Howard, "if you would permit her. Certainly, I think with her, that no good can come to you, whilst you live in the breach of God's commandments."

"But, uncle, you would not have me be so religious as my brother Dick, would you? Why, he won't go to the theatre; and when he has been at my house, we could not get him to play at cards or backgammon. When my friends, the Racketts, wanted him to join the hunting club, he refused. And, on the Sunday, he was at church, or alone in his chamber, almost the whole of the day: we could hardly get him to say any thing. Indeed, all my servants are afraid that he is going out of his mind. For my own part, I think him far gone from rationality."

"I fear, Mr. George," said Mr. Howard, "you do not look at your brother with the eye of candour. Indeed, I am certain you do not judge righteous judgment. And I must beg leave to say, that I do deliberately think, that your mother and brother are right, and you are undoubtedly wrong."

"Yes, but uncle, I am of age now, and am I to be in leading-strings all my days? No young man of any spirit, I am sure, would endure it."

"You call things, my dear young friend, like many others, by their wrong names. Because your inestimable mother, by her wise and pious counsels, would save you from ruin here and hereafter, and render you truly respectable and useful, this you strangely call being kept in leading-strings. If you felt, Sir, as you ought, you would be happy in paying practical attention to the counsels of so faithful a friend."

"Truly," said Mr. Wallace, "there is young Spendthrift, my neighbour, who has been obliged to mortgage his estate for nearly the whole of its value, and who, by his excesses, has ruined a fine constitution; truly, it would have been well for him if he had been in leading-strings all the days of his life. Poor creature! I am sure, however highly he might think of himself, he was never fit to go alone."

"I beg, Sir," said Mr. Blunt, "not to be named with young Spendthrift. I trust I have a little more common sense than he has. I do not want any one's advice: I am old enough to manage my own affairs."

"It would be well, George," said Mr. Howard, "if age and wisdom always went hand in hand. Faithfulness obliges me to say, that I much fear this is not the case with you: if it were, you would not despise the counsels of

your pious mother, or censure your brother on account of his piety."

"Uncle, you quite mistake me. I censure Dick for his religion! no, not I. Let every one do as he pleases. I go to church when the Racketts do not come, at least, once on the Sunday; and when one does not sit up too late at billiards on the Saturday evening. Then, you know, one cannot reasonably be expected to be there. No, no, I don't object to Dick's religion; only, I do think he should not have so much as to act in so senseless a way as he does."

"I think," said Mr. Wallace, "that every one, whatever their situation or circumstances are, may be reasonably expected to keep God's commands. To hallow his holy day is one of them. And truly, I can say, from the experience of many years, that in keeping this commandment there is great reward."

"And so far," said his uncle, "from your brother Richard's having taken leave of his rational faculties, he alone is truly in his senses. Sir," said Mr. H. raising his voice to a key unusually high for him, "it would not be difficult unanswerably to prove, that the want of rationality is altogether on your own part."

"Is it rational, Sir, (let me appeal to the dictates of common sense,) *to disregard the great*

end of our existence? Every irreligious man does this; and, if he who profanes God's holy day be not irreligious, no man is. Every object has some chief end: it is absurd to suppose that infinite wisdom created any thing in vain. The chief end of the sun is to enlighten, warm, and fertilize the world. The chief end of the creatures is the good of man. And the chief end of man must be to glorify God.

"Is it rational, Sir, *for a man to take pains to do himself real and lasting injury?* This every irreligious man does. Whilst he is very busy with his vices, and has no time for any serious thought, he is himself gradually opening those flood-gates which will drown him in perdition. He is laboriously pursuing that which will profit him nothing. He is very much occupied with trifles, whilst his chief business is neglected. He is like the husbandman who will not sow his fields till the time when he ought to be reaping. Would this be reasonable? When the bridegroom came, the foolish virgins went to seek for oil, when they wanted it to burn, and they were left in outer darkness. The history of every ungodly man proves that misery has ever been connected with the breach of the divine commandments.

"Is it rational, Sir, *to value what is comparatively worthless, and to contemn objects of the*

first importance? This every irreligious man does. He resembles the baby, who prefers a pretty bauble to the title-deed of a large estate. Thus, the impenitent, immoral individual, practically prefers the friendship of the creature to that of the Creator;—sin, which cannot be separated from misery, to holiness, which is ever accompanied with happiness;—the welfare of the body, which must soon mingle with its original dust, to that of the spirit, which must live for ever;—momentary gratifications, to eternal pleasures: yea, he practically prefers death to life, and hell to heaven. An immoral man, Sir, is the greatest fool and madman in the world.”

“Your notions of morals, uncle, are so very strict. According to your views, Sir, there are a great many madmen in society.”

“My views, Sir, are no more strict than God’s holy and blessed commandments. These, and not the proud, unhallowed opinions of men, are right reason. It is too true, indeed, that there are but too many in society who take their own wicked passions, rather than the word of God, as the guide of their conduct. And it is truly lamentable, that there are so many facts which justify the lines of our Christian satirist:

‘ So fare we in this prison-house, the world;
And ’tis a fearful spectacle, to see

So many maniacs, dancing in their chains:
They gaze upon the links that hold them fast,
With eyes of anguish; execrate their lot,
Then shake them in despair, and dance again."

"But, uncle, do you think that no one is happy, who does not come up to your views in religion?"

"I do not deny that they are oftentimes the subjects of noisy mirth, especially when in each other's society. But happiness is a serious thing: he who is truly happy is so when alone; he can bear his own company; he can bear reflection. I am verily persuaded, that no wicked man is truly happy. Colonel Gardiner, Dr. Doddridge informs us, even amidst his prosperous career of vice, has often wished he could exchange situations with a dog, that has come accidentally into the room where he has been sitting. But, Sir, to return to your former assertion, that your brother is far gone from rationality, because he has a proper and becoming reverence for his Maker, and desires his favour above all things.

"Why, Sir, is it rational *to engage in a contest, without the smallest hope of success?* The irreligious man does this. He is fighting against God. None have ever hardened themselves against him, and have prospered. The dry

stubble might as well be expected successfully to contend with the devouring flame, as the impenitent sinner with the Most High. 'Let the potsherds of the earth contend with the potsherds of the earth; but woe be to the man who contendeth with his Maker.' What can feebleness and helplessness do against omnipotence?

"Is it rational, Sir, *to sow tares, and expect to reap wheat?* This the irreligious man does. You can hardly find an individual, however exceptionable his conduct may be, who will not tell you, that he confidently hopes for happiness and heaven. But how vain and ridiculous is the expectation! As reasonably might a man who scatters poisonous weeds over his fields, expect, in time of harvest, to reap an abundance of the good, the golden grain. How suitable to such characters is the solemn admonition of the apostle: 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked; whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap: he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption, and he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.'"

"You speak, uncle, as if I despised all religion. I do assure you, this is not the case. I respect religion as much as any body, only I do

not make so much noise about it as some people."

"It might have been expected, my dear Sir, not only that you should not despise religion, but that you should highly value it. You have had many and great advantages: you have been the child of many prayers. Your excellent and pious parents have done all they could to impress your mind with the great things which are essential to your peace, your usefulness, and happiness; and you have risen up to condemn their holy example and invaluable instructions. It is well, Sir, that your father's head is laid low in the silent grave. I pray God you may not break the heart of your widowed mother, and bring down her grey hairs with sorrow to the grave."

"Uncle, you judge of me too harshly. I am not so abandoned as you suppose. And I do intend, by and by, to become religious. Surely this is praiseworthy. You ought to give me credit for good intentions."

"Felix intended, at a more convenient season," said Mr. Howard, "to become religious; and yet we have reason to fear that he died in his sins. Delays in reference to our spiritual concerns are infinitely dangerous. I hope, Mr. George, you will reform without delay. Give up those wicked companions who would lead

you to profane God's holy day. Visit your pious mother; gladden her heart by the assurance that you will abandon your bad habits—that you will practically regard her pious counsels. Take your brother by the hand, and tell him, that in future he shall be your companion and friend. In a word, let your life emulate that of your venerable father; so shall your end be as peaceful and happy as his. Never, surely, were the fine lines of the poet more applicable to any departure than to his:

'Sure the last end of the good man is peace;
Night-dews fall not more gently on the ground,
Nor weary, worn-out winds expire so soft!
Behold him in the even-tide of life!
By unperceiv'd degrees he wears away,
Yet, like the sun, seems larger at his setting;
High in his faith and hope, look, how he stretches
After the prize in view!'

"Yes, your honoured father was very dear to me. When he breathed his last, I thought of the sentiment which dropped from the lips of Beza, when one of the principal reformers died: 'Since he is gone,' was his language, 'life has become less sweet, and death less bitter.'"

His nephew could not bear this tender appeal to his conscience, in reference to his father: so, intimating that he had an engagement, he got up, and went away abruptly.

CHAP. X.

AFTER Mr. Wallace and Mr. Howard had conversed a little longer, in reference to Mr. Blunt's family, Edwin, when he had an opportunity, said :

"Why, papa, Mr. George did not use to talk as he does now."

"No, my dear," said Mr. H. "he did not. I once had much hope of him, that he would have been the comfort of his parents, and a very useful character. He is not the first promising youth I have known, who has been ruined by bad company. Truly, the apostle's admonition is one that is much needed, 'Evil communications corrupt good manners.' No good was to be expected from his friendship with the Rackett family. I have heard that William and John, when they were at college at * * *, with some of their companions of similar dispositions, took the doors of their chambers off the hinges, and at midnight, in a drunken frolic, burnt them in the midst of the

quadrangle *. I fear they were attentive to every thing but their learning. One thing is certain, that they brought home enough wickedness and impiety to infect and ruin all the young men in the neighbourhood. No, Edwin, he did not talk once as he does now. His poor father used to hope very well of George; and I thought he had reason. But he has sadly disappointed our expectations."

"And did Mr. George become so bad all at once, papa?"

"No, my dear: there is a progression in vice. Hazael, when the prophet told him how vile and cruel he would one day become, replied indignantly, 'Is thy servant a dog, that he should do this?' And yet, by degrees, he became the very character at which he shuddered."

"The moral precept," said Mr. Wallace, "of one of the classic writers, *obstae principiis*, 'resist the beginnings of iniquity,' is a very good one."

"Solomon," said Mr. Howard, "has the same idea frequently, in the Proverbs. 'The beginning of iniquity,' says he, 'is as when one letteth out water.' And the Psalmist beautifully

* This was literally a fact.

marks the progression of vice, in the first Psalm: 'Blessed,' says he, 'is the man that walketh not in the counsel of the ungodly, nor standeth in the way of sinners; nor sitteth in the seat of the scornful.' A sinner does not all at once take a place in the scorner's chair."

"This is very true," said Mr. Wallace. "I dare say you recollect poor Turnaway, Mr. Howard?"

"Oh yes, very well. I apprehend he was an awful illustration of your remark."

"He was, indeed, Sir. He was once highly esteemed for his religion. At first, I have heard, he relinquished worship in his family, or only attended to it on Sunday evenings. This did not last long. All appearance of religion was soon given up in his household. The conversation became altogether light and unprofitable. His children were permitted to run after all the vain, foolish, and expensive fashions which came up. Then they formed an extensive acquaintance with people of dissipated habits, and gave luxurious entertainments. Foolish books supplied the place of the Bible, and of works of a more solid and useful kind. The theatre and the ball were diligently frequented, and the house of God was forsaken. Then they had their parties of pleasure on God's holy day. Profaneness, infidelity, scoffing at

religion, persecution of the truly pious, succeeded; till, at length, disease arrested him, and death took him to the tribunal of God. Oh yes, Edwin, there is a progression in vice, a fearful one."

"And is there not a progression in virtue, papa?" Emma gently whispered.

"Yes, my love," said Mr. Howard, "there is. This was finely marked in the father of poor George. I knew him when he had no better portion than the present world. He lost a dear babe, whom he idolized. By that painful stroke, the charm that united him to the things of time and sense was dissolved. He followed, in thought, the happy spirit of the child to glory. The language of David occurred to him: 'I shall go to him, though he shall not return again unto me.' 'But,' said he, 'am I ready to enter into the invisible world?' The enquiry awakened him to a sincere concern for his everlasting welfare. He was found where Nathaniel delighted to be, under the fig-tree: he began to meditate and pray. He diligently attended the house of God. He carefully perused the sacred pages, with prayer to the Father of Lights for the gracious illumination of his Holy Spirit. He cheerfully relinquished worldly society. He was enabled to rest with complacency on the finished work of the Lord

Jesus. He found a holy delight in walking with God. In the family, the church, and the world, he was conscientiously endeavouring to glorify his almighty Saviour. It was evident to all around him, some time before his last illness, that he was ripening apace for a better world. Very often he was able to say: 'I have a desire to depart and to be with Christ, which I deem, beyond expression, better than continuing here;' till, at length, his affairs, settled for both worlds, to use his own expression, his heavenly Father said, 'Come up hither;' and the happy, ransomed, exulting spirit,

'Clapp'd its glad wings, and tower'd away,
And mingled with the blaze of day!'

Oh yes, Emma, there is a progression in virtue and piety. The Scripture says, 'The path of the just is as the shining light, which shineth brighter and brighter till the perfect day.' May it be your path, Emma, and mine."

"Such a character as poor George Blunt is much to be pitied, as well as censured," said Mr. Wallace. "He is too old to bear the control of his friends, too inexperienced to guide himself with any kind of direction, and too proud and opinionated to ask for any one's advice. Unless God's grace and mercy prevent, his ruin is certain."

"But don't you think, papa," said Edwin, "that he will become wiser and better, by and by?"

"That is impossible for me to say, Edwin. Many go astray, but few, comparatively, return: none, indeed, ever return of themselves, unless the Good Shepherd bring them back on his shoulders rejoicing. It is much more difficult to return to the fold of God, than to wander from it. Hence it is, that it is said in the Holy Scriptures, 'Can the Ethiopian change his skin, and the leopard his spots? then may he who is accustomed to do evil, learn to do well.'"

"But will you not admonish him again, Mr. Howard?" said Emma.

"Oh yes, my dear," said Mr. H. "I shall feel it my duty to do so whenever I have opportunity; even with my dying breath. I never despair of any one. Whilst there is life, there is hope. Yet it cannot be disguised, that though, now and then, an individual shakes off his vicious habits, very many go on in them and perish."

"I hope poor George won't perish," said Edwin.

"I hope not, indeed," said his papa. "We must pray for him. When you bow your knees, (for, my dear boy, I believe you cannot live without prayer,) put up a petition for this poor wretched wanderer."

"We should all pray for him," said Mr. Wallace.

"And do you think, papa," said Edwin, "that God will hear our prayers, and change his heart and his life?"

"I hope he will, Edwin. Prayer is the appointed way by which he does communicate his favours. The promise of blessings is made to those who *ask* them from his gracious hands. Those who will not pray for the blessings of God's grace, have no reason to expect them."

"Then do we not receive any good from God's hands, but what we pray for?" said Emma.

"Oh yes, we receive many good things for which we never pray; at least, particularly. But whilst we neglect to pray, God's blessings will not be really of permanent advantage to us. 'In the counsels of God it is established, that there shall be an inseparable connexion between humble, fervent prayer, and the blessings needed by the suppliant. Prayer is as regular a cause of blessings, as ploughing and sowing, sunshine and rain, are of the harvest.' Prayer is of God's own appointment: he will therefore hear it. If we consider his gracious character, as our Father who is in heaven, and who has represented himself as infinitely more tender and kind than earthly parents, we have reason to

think, that, in answer to prayer, he will bestow on us, for Christ's sake, those blessings which we need. And if we consider his gracious promises, which are many, that he will hear the cry of his servants, we have reason to draw this conclusion. He will sooner annihilate creation, than be worse than his word. 'Heaven and earth may pass away, but not one jot or tittle of his word shall pass away.' This is his own encouraging language."

"How consolatory is the view which our Lord has given us of the character of our heavenly Father, in the parable of the Prodigal Son," observed Mr. Wallace. "Truly it is evident, that he desireth not the death of a sinner, but rather that he would turn and live."

"It was not without reason," said Mr. Howard, "that a good old writer has told us, that 'prayer is the golden key which unlocks all the cabinets of heaven.' The Scriptures abound with proofs that God does hear and answer prayer."

"In answer to prayer, the sun stood still on the mountains of Gibeon, and the moon in the valley of Ajalon."

"In answer to prayer, Hezekiah's life was lengthened fifteen years."

"In answer to prayer, an angel was sent to

Cornelius, to direct him in the great concerns of his salvation.

"In answer to prayer, Peter was miraculously delivered from prison. Time would fail us to tell what prayer has done.

"We ought not, however, to forget, that we have no reason to expect any thing, even in answer to our prayers, which is contrary to the will of God. If, indeed, it were possible for us to obtain any thing not consistent with God's gracious designs, it would not prove any blessing to us. Mercies will assuredly be always given us in answer to our prayers; but they will be real blessings: such as God knows will do us good, and not such as we may erroneously imagine to be for our welfare."

"By what standard may we regulate our supplications?" said Mr. Wallace.

"Oh, we have an unerring one," replied Mr. Howard: "it is to be found in the promises of the word of God. We need not hesitate confidently to ask, and expect, all that God has promised to bestow."

"It is a very delightful reflection, that we may ask all that God promises to give in his holy word," said Emma.

"And how," said Edwin, "ought we to search the Holy Scriptures, that we may become acquainted with the divine will?"

"In all our supplications, we should not forget," said Mr. Howard, "to submit every thing to the divine will. To desire any thing contrary to the divine will, is to desire what would not be for our welfare: it is, virtually, to desire that God himself would change. But who could wish this? What must such a change be? A change from perfection to imperfection; from what is good, to that which is less good. But God cannot change. His unchangeableness is the glory of his character. It is the great corner-stone on which the universe is sustained. If this were taken away, the mighty fabric would fall into general desolation. There would be no safety or hope for any intelligent being, if God could change; for he could only change for the worse. And could this be, immensity and eternity would be filled with suspense, terror, and anguish. If the great God could change, there would be no encouragement to pray. What might be the will of God to-day, might not to-morrow. But the divine government of all creatures, and of all worlds, is established on immovable foundations. Every creature may know, from God's revealed will, what he may reasonably expect. One of his gracious, unchangeable determinations is, to hear the prayer of every humble suppliant offered to his throne, through the mediation of his beloved

Son. No such prayer ever was, or can be, addressed to the throne of grace in vain."

"Oh, how astonishing it is, that every one does not begin to pray! Is it not, papa?" said Edwin.

"Oh yes," said Mr. Howard: "it is a very easy condition for the attainment of all good, to ask it from the infinitely gracious and bountiful God. It is the greatest folly to neglect prayer," continued Mr. H.; "for we have innumerable wants, and they may be supplied, if we will ask God to supply them. We have souls of more value than the whole world: they may be saved, if we will ask God to save them. We are exposed to eternal misery by our sins: we may be saved from this ruin, to which we are righteously exposed, if we cry to the hearer and answerer of prayer. We are capable of enjoying infinite blessedness. This felicity may be gained, if we are not strangers to fervent supplication. What folly is it, therefore, to choose to perish, rather than to pray."

"But we have forgot poor George," exclaimed Emma.

"No, my dear," said Mr. Wallace: "I hope we shall not forget most earnestly to pray for him."

Mr. Wallace now begged to be excused. And consenting that Emma should stay, he took his leave.

When he was gone, Edwin said, "Papa, the shower is dried up: may we not take a walk in the shrubbery?"

"Oh yes," said Mr. H. "and I will take a walk with you."

It was a very beautiful spot. It consisted of about ten acres of ground, intermingled with beautiful shrubs and fruit-trees. There were many walks in it. It was laid out very tastefully. Here Mr. H. often retired, for the purposes of study or devotion. Here he often repeated the beautiful sentiment,

"The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made
For those who follow thee."

In a retired part of it there was a pretty alcove. It was suitably furnished: there were many little decorations added by Edwin's dear mamma. Mr. H. found a melancholy pleasure in glancing at them. Here also was a small well-chosen library of suitable and useful books. Over the door was a neat inscription, written by Mr. Howard: here is a copy of it.

"Sweet rural scene! serene retreat!
Of peace the lov'd abode;
Oft in thy haunts, O may I meet
My Father, and my God!"



"Sweet rural scene! amid thy bow'rs
Delighted will I stray;
Whilst all my mind's collected pow'rs
Shall meditate and pray.

"Sweet rural scene! each sunny glade
Shall echo with my lays:
And every honeysuckle shade
Be vocal with my praise.

"Sweet rural scene! at eventide,
When moon-beams round me shine;
Oft in thy walks, oh let me glide,
And breathe the vow divine.

"Sweet though thou art, yet I would rise
From thee, and soar away
To brighter scenes beyond the skies,
And an eternal day."

When they were seated in the alcove, Mr.
Howard said:

"How beautiful the trees and shrubs look
after the rain! Who, but a being who was om-
nipotent, could water the face of the earth?
What immense labour, the other evening, it
was to Thomas and John, to water the borders
of flowers in the garden and shrubbery. But
God, with infinite ease, waters and refreshes
the whole earth."

"See, what a fine rainbow," said Emma, "is
extended over the face of the heavens!"

"Oh, it is, indeed!" said Edwin. "But, papa, there are two rainbows: I never saw two together before."

"I have, many times, Edwin."

"But how is it, papa, that there are two? You showed me how one is formed, the other day, by the reflection of the sun on the falling shower."

"You see, the colours of the first bow are so very strong and vivid, that they are again powerfully reflected, and form a second, but a fainter arch."

"You admired, papa, the arch of the iron bridge at Colnbrook Dale. But what is that to this?"

"Nothing, Edwin. The mightiest works of man are as nothing, when compared with those of God; and the most beautiful human productions are rugged and deformed, contrasted with those effected by His hand, whose skill and resources are infinite."

"I have been thinking," said Emma, "of that part of the Bible, where the rainbow is particularly mentioned."

"Reach the Bible," said Mr. H. "and read it, Edwin."

"Here it is. 'And God said, This is the token of the covenant which I make between me and you, and every living creature, for per-

petual generations: I do set my bow in the cloud, and it shall be for a token of a covenant between me and the earth. And it shall come to pass, when I bring a cloud over the earth, that the bow shall be seen in the cloud; and I will remember my covenant which is between me and you, and every living creature of all flesh; and the waters shall no more become a flood, to destroy all flesh.

“And the bow shall be in the cloud, and I will look upon it, that I may remember the everlasting covenant between God and every living creature of all flesh that is upon the earth.”

“I recollect,” said Emma, “when this chapter was read at family prayer, papa said he was delighted with it, because it was connected with the history of God’s mercy.”

“And so it is,” said Mr. H. “On the same principle, I am always gratified when I see a rainbow; even independently of its exquisite colours and magnificent arch.”

“But, papa, there are two: there is nothing said in the Bible about two. What does it mean?”

“I do not know, Edwin, that there is any particular meaning; and yet it is not wrong to suppose, that the blessed God is giving to his creatures repeated intimations of his loving-

kindness; for this is really the case. He has not only made one, but many promises. He has condescended to give pledge upon pledge, and assurance upon assurance, that he will accompany his people through their pilgrimage;—that he will supply their wants, support them in affliction, pardon their sins, justify their persons, protect them from every foe, and finally conduct them to the mansions of everlasting blessedness."

"I should not have thought, papa, that all this was meant by the double rainbow."

"Nor do I affirm that it is, Edwin. I only say, that it may serve to remind us, that God has graciously given to us, 'line upon line, precept upon precept,' promise upon promise, and one intimation of mercy upon another."

"It is a most pleasing reflection," said Emma, "and I shall not forget the double rainbow."

"It was just so, papa, you told me last year, over and over again, that you would give me a watch, if I learnt all you expected of me before Christmas."

"It was, Edwin. God is our heavenly Father. He condescends even to our weaknesses. His faithfulness and tenderness are infinite. But see, the dews are rising: it is time we should go in and close the evening."

CHAP. XI.

THE day following was remarkably fine. During the earlier hours of it, Emma amused herself in the shrubbèry, and wrote, under the shade of the alcove, a note to her mamma, to inform her of the state of her health.

Edwin was occupied with his papa in the study. As soon as they were at leisure, Edwin sought for Emma, and invited her to take a walk with him and his father.

Edwin understood from his papa, that he was to give him, that morning, the remainder of his journal.

"The Peak Cavern was the last article I mentioned to you, I believe, papa."

"It was, Edwin. I think you told me, that your excursion to Buxton was the last with which Mr. Wallace treated you."

Yes, papa. But we visited one cavern more, much larger than the Peak Cavern."

"Indeed! Why, I was not aware that there was a cavern, in Derbyshire, superior in magnitude to this."

"It was not in Derbyshire, papa, nor in England, or Scotland, or Wales either."

"I think I understand you: you visited it then in thought, I suppose."

"Yes, papa. Mr. Wallace told us, that the caverns we had seen were nothing to those of America. He particularly referred to one in Kentucky. He said, the entrance to it was from forty to fifty feet high, and thirty wide. It continues as high and as wide for about a mile, where a manufactory of saltpetre has been established. From hence, to a second factory, about a mile further, it is forty feet wide, and sixty feet high. Through these two miles, handsome walls have been made with the loose limestone. The road is hard, and as good as a pavement. From the second factory, an immense avenue leads on west for a mile; then, turning to the south-west, it conducts to the chief city, as it is called, or area, which is six miles from the entrance into the cavern. Here, Mr. Wallace told us, there is an immense apartment, the floor of which measures more than eight acres; and the vast roof has not one pillar to support it. One solid arch extends over the whole of this room, at least one hundred feet high."

"This is a cavern, indeed, Edwin! An arch extending over eight acres of ground, a hundred feet high, must be truly magnificent."

"Yes; but, papa, there is another apartment, similar to this, covered by a single arch, which, in the centre, is nearly two hundred feet high."

"But how is it, Edwin, that you recollect the account so minutely?"

"Mr. Wallace not only told us, papa, but when we got home, he gave me the account to read, and I copied the most remarkable parts of the narrative in my journal."

"That was right, my boy: get all the information you can from every quarter. Are there any more particulars of this wonderful cavern, or, I should rather say, of these caverns?"

"Yes, papa, several. There is a third apartment, about a mile from the second, about one hundred feet square, and fifty high, which has a pure and delightful stream of water pouring constantly from a wall thirty feet high, that falls on a broken surface of stone, and is afterwards entirely lost to the view. A little more than a mile beyond the third, is a fourth apartment, with a single arch, which covers at least six acres. In this last area, the end of which is not less than four miles from the first apartment, and ten miles from the mouth of the cavern, are upwards of twenty large piles of saltpetre earth on the one side, and broken

limestone heaped up on the other, evidently the work of human hands.

“A fifth apartment has also been discovered, the arch of which covers upwards of four acres of level ground, strewed with limestones, and having fire-beds of an uncommon size, surrounded with brands of cane interspersed.

“A sixth chamber has been found, the circumference of which was at least one thousand eight hundred feet, and the centre of the arch over it was one hundred and fifty feet high.

“Many other large rooms have been visited: one, called the *Glauber Salt Room*, from salts of that kind being found there; a second is named the *Sick Room*; a third, the *Bat Room*; a fourth, the *Flint Room*; and a fifth, the *Haunted Chamber*, from the echo within. The arch of this apartment is beautifully incrustated with limestone spar: in many places, the columns of the spar are truly elegant, extending from the ceiling to the floor. Near the centre of this arch is a dome about fifty feet high, hung in rich drapery, festooned in the most fanciful manner for six or eight feet from the hangings, and in columns the most rich and brilliant. By the reflection of lights, the crystal columns have a very romantic appearance.

“In the vicinity of the *Haunted Chamber* there is the sound of a cataract; and a reservoir

of water is found, very clear and pleasant to the taste, apparently having neither inlet nor outlet. The air here is very pure and delightful.

"Not far from the reservoir, an avenue presented itself, within which were several columns of the most brilliant spar, sixty or seventy feet high, and almost perpendicular, standing in basins of water; which surpass, in splendour and beauty, every similar work that has been yet discovered."

"This account is truly wonderful. I do not know that I have ever heard the particulars of this amazing excavation before. It is worthy of a place in the memory."

"I should like to go through it, papa," said Edwin.

"But I should be much afraid to do so," said Emma.

"And so should I," replied Edwin, "without papa."

"In our own happy land," said Mr. H. "there is little danger in visiting the few caverns of celebrity; but, in America, it is not impossible that serpents or wild beasts might have found a refuge in places so retired and secret as these."

"It is very pleasant to think that we have

no savage beasts or venomous creatures, of any consequence in England," remarked Emma.

"But, Edwin, what are the principal objects you noticed in Mr. Wallace's museum?"

"They were but few, papa; for, though he has a large and fine collection of minerals, they are very much the same as yours. I made memoranda only of those things that I had not met with before."

"Well, Edwin, let us have them, one after the other."

"I think, papa, you will have a good deal to say about them, because they are, some of them, very remarkable. There was a piece of black rock, nearly as hard as marble. There was nothing very striking in it; only Mr. Wallace said, that it came from a place near Ballinamony, in Ireland, and was a part of the Giant's Causeway."

"There are many hundred thousand pentagonal pillars there: several of them are twenty feet high; that is, above the ground. How far they go into the strand has never yet been found out. It is a great natural curiosity."

"On the *strand*, did you say, papa? What, then, is it on the margin of the sea?"

"Yes: for about three hundred feet it is always above the water. It sinks gradually into the sea, at a distance of about one hundred

and eighty yards from the cliffs. How far it may go into the sea is not yet ascertained."

"Mr. Wallace said, that there were not two columns in ten thousand whose sides were equal, though nearly the whole of them had five sides. But is each pillar, papa, one solid stone?"

"No, my dear: they are formed of different pieces, which are joined together like your little cup and ball; as the ball lies in the cup, so one piece lies upon another. The joints are of different lengths: in general, from eighteen inches to two feet long, and from fifteen to twenty inches in diameter."

"But, papa, did the Giants build it? And what did they build it for?"

"No, Edwin. We cannot suppose that it was formed by any human art. The columns are just as the Great Builder of the universe made them."

"It is very wonderful, papa. For what did the Almighty make them?"

"Doubtless, for some wise ends. From what we do know of his works, we see that they are all most wisely arranged; and, when we meet with any part of them we do not fully understand, it is reasonable to conclude, that though we may not be acquainted with his design, they are certainly formed for some important end. But what else has Mr. Wallace in his treasury

of natural curiosities? I have not seen his latest additions."

"A gentleman, who has been travelling on the continent, gave him a piece of marble which he brought from Herculaneum."

"This article," said Mr. H. "though but little curious in itself, reminds us of some of the most dreadful calamities which have ever afflicted the human race. This town was destroyed by an eruption of Mount Vesuvius."

"How long is it since, papa?"

"I think it was in the seventy-ninth year of our Lord."

"Yet, papa, all the travellers whose works I have read, praise the air and climate of Italy and Naples, and the fruitfulness and beauty of their fields and vineyards."

"It is true. It is a delightful climate. Beautiful gardens and vineyards yet cover a great part of Vesuvius; but it is an alarming thought, that beneath a soil so fruitful and so smiling, lie palaces, mansions, gardens, and even whole towns; some of these one upon another. Portici is founded on Herculaneum, its neighbourhood on Resina; and a little further on is Pompeii, in whose streets the wondering traveller now walks, after it has been blotted out for seventeen hundred years."

"And how did they find it, papa?"

"In the year 1730, Edwin, as some labourers were digging a well, they found three female statues: this discovery led to further researches, and to the discovery of Herculaneum."

"And did they find any very remarkable buildings, papa?"

"A theatre was one of the principal. It had twenty-one rows of seats, and was capable of holding between three and four thousand persons. The whole of its surface was cased with white marble. The piece Mr. Wallace has, was most likely from this very spot."

"Did they find any thing of great value in the theatre, papa?"

"There was a group of four bronze horses drawing a car, with a charioteer, all of exquisite workmanship. The pedestal of white marble on which it stood is still there, but the group itself was crushed and broken by the immense weight of the lava."

"But could not they have been mended, and put together again?" said Emma.

"Oh yes, if the people who were present had been sufficiently thoughtful. The pieces were collected, and thrown into a corner: some of them were stolen; some were melted, and turned into busts of their majesties the king and queen of Naples."

"And did not they preserve one horse, papa?"

"No, my dear, not an entire horse. But, at last, they took the fragments, and by casting a piece or two, they made a single horse, which is now in the yard of the museum at Portici. There was one thing which they found, which I wish had been in better order."

"What was that, Sir?" said Emma.

"A library, my dear, of fifteen hundred volumes."

"This would be a great treasure: would it not, papa?"

"That, Edwin, would depend on what should be contained in the books. Certainly, they are a great curiosity. Yet nothing of importance has been found in those that have been unrolled."

"*Unrolled*, did you say, papa? Unroll a book!"

"Yes, Edwin, the ancient books were rolled upon a roller. You recollect, when the ruler of the synagogue, in the gospel, gave our Lord the prophet Isaiah, it is said, he opened the book; but in the Greek it is, he *unrolled* the book."

"Oh, how I should like to have one of these roll-books, papa!"

"It would be of no use to you, Edwin. Why, what do you think they are like?"

"Did not you say a roll, papa?"

"Yes; but they more exactly resemble a stick of charcoal."

"A stick of charcoal! A book like a stick of charcoal!"

"Yes; and their characters are legible only in a particular light: it is a task of the greatest difficulty to decipher them."

"And what else did they find, papa?"

"Oh, almost every thing that can be named. Bread, corn, trivets, pots, stew-pans, bowls, knives, glasses, bottles, lamps, necklaces, rings, earrings, statues, busts, vases, chandeliers, altars, tables of marble and bronze; and these last are in as good a state as if they had just come from the hands of the artist."

"Did they find any coins?" said Emma.

"Oh yes, my dear: the coins they found are very numerous and valuable. They fill several cases in the museum at Portici. There is also a fine collection of all these articles in the British Museum in London. These are open to the public; and when you go to town, you may see them. They are well worth seeing, as being some of the remains of a town that has been buried for more than seventeen hundred years."

"Did not you say, Sir, that any one may

now walk in the streets of Pompeii?" said Emma.

"Yes; and it is a wonderful spot to walk in. There are the tracks of the wheels which anciently rolled over the pavement still visible. There is still to be seen a place where liquors were sold; and the marble table within, still bears the marks of the cups left by the drinkers."

"Could they tell to whom the houses belonged, papa?"

"Yes, in many cases. One evidently belonged to a statuary: his workshop was still full of the specimens of his art. Another appeared to have been occupied by a surgeon, from the instruments found in his apartments. There is a large mansion near the gate, which no doubt belonged to a very wealthy individual. It has many apartments, and the rooms are finely decorated and spacious. Here is a large arched cellar: there are still a number of large wine-vessels in it, yet leaning against the wall. In this cellar, more than twenty skeletons of human beings, who took refuge in it, were found."

"Was Pompeii buried in the day, or in the night, Sir?" said Emma.

"In the night, my dear."

"It must have been dreadful to have been awakened," said Edwin, "to such horrors."

"It must, my dear. The inhabitants were evidently endeavouring to escape, but in vain. There is a house, the threshold of which is inlaid with a black stone, as an intimation of the hospitality of the occupant. Seven skeletons were found in the front of it: the first carried a lamp, and the others had still something between the bones of their fingers, which they wished to save."

"It is shocking, papa, even to think of what happened to these towns."

"It is. I was going to remark, that there is an altar in a paved court, where, no doubt, sacrifices were offered. The hoop in which the basin for the coals was sunk, is elegantly decorated with rams' heads, connected by garlands of flowers. Within the basin, which is of baked earth, the very cinders left from the last sacrifice, nearly two thousand years, are seen as fresh as if they had been the remains of yesterday's fire. The great amphitheatre at Pompeii rears its head above that of every other edifice. It is a vast structure: it has twenty-four rows of seats, the circumference of the lowest of which is seven hundred and fifty feet. It is supposed to have held thirty thousand spectators. Reflecting on the ruin of these

cities, we may well exclaim, in the language of Holy Writ, 'He looketh on the earth, and it trembleth! He toucheth the hills, and they smoke! Who would not fear thee, O king of nations! With God,' indeed, 'is terrible majesty!' But have you, Edwin, any thing more to mention?"

"Yes, papa, there were some little articles of bronze from Pompeii."

"I think we may dismiss these, as the marble from Herculaneum has been so fruitful in observation."

"I have only one thing more, papa: it was a piece of stone from one of the Pyramids in Egypt. If it had been on the road, I am sure I should not have picked it up. Indeed, there was nothing remarkable in it at all, only that it came from one of the Pyramids."

"This, I think, Edwin, was sufficiently remarkable. But I know what you mean: it appeared only a common stone, of no value."

"Yes, papa."

"As we are almost at home, you shall fetch me Dr. Clarke's Travels, out of the library. I think there is a brief account of his visit to the Pyramids. I was much pleased, when I read it some time since. I think it will gratify you and Emma, and be preferable to any observations of my own on the subject."



After they had seated themselves in the drawing-room, Edwin soon attended to his papa's request. And when Mr. Howard had found the place, Edwin read as follows :

" By reflecting the sun's rays, the Pyramids appeared as white as snow, and of such surprising magnitude, that nothing we had previously conceived in our imagination, had prepared us for the spectacle we beheld. The sight instantly convinced us, that no power of description, no delineation, can convey ideas adequate to the effect produced in viewing these stupendous monuments. The formality of their structure is lost in their prodigious magnitude: the mind, elevated by wonder, feels at once the force of an axiom, which, however disputed, experience confirms, that in vastness, whatever its nature may be, there dwells sublimity.

" Having arrived at the bottom of a sandy slope, leading up to the principal pyramid, a band of Arabs, who had assembled to receive us upon our landing, were much amused by the eagerness excited in our whole party, to prove, who should first set his foot on the summit of this artificial mountain. As we drew near its base, the effect of its prodigious magnitude, and the amazement caused in viewing the enormous masses used in its construction, affected every one of us; but it was an impression of

awe and fear rather than of pleasure. With what amazement did we survey the vast surface that was presented to us, when we arrived at this stupendous monument, which seemed to reach the clouds! Here and there appeared some Arab guides, upon the immense masses above us, like so many pigmies, waiting to show the way up to the summit. Now and then, we thought we heard voices, and listened; but it was the wind in powerful gusts, sweeping the immense ranges of stone. Already some of our party had begun the ascent, and were pausing at the tremendous depth which they saw below. One of our military companions, after having surmounted the most difficult part of the undertaking, became giddy in consequence of looking down from the elevation he had attained; and being compelled to abandon the project, he hired an Arab to assist him in effecting his descent. The rest of us, more accustomed to the business of climbing heights, with many a halt for respiration, and many an exclamation of wonder, pursued our way towards the summit. The mode of ascent has been frequently described, though it is not generally understood. The reader may imagine himself to be upon a staircase, every step of which, to a man of middle stature, is nearly breast high; and the breadth of each step is

equal to its height; consequently, the footing is secure. And, although a retrospect in going up be sometimes fearful to persons unaccustomed to look down from any considerable elevation, yet there is little danger of falling. In some places, indeed, where the stones are decayed, caution may be required; and an Arab guide is always necessary, to avoid a total interruption; but, upon the whole, the means of ascent are such, that almost every one may accomplish it. Our progress was impeded by other causes. We carried with us a few instruments, such as our boat-compass, thermometer, telescope, &c.: these could not be trusted in the hands of the Arabs, and they were liable to be broken every instant. At length we reached the topmost tier, to the great delight and satisfaction of all the party. Here we found a platform, thirty-two feet square, consisting of nine large stones, each of which might weigh about a ton. These are much inferior to the size of some of the stones used in the construction of the pyramid.

“ The view from the summit of the pyramid amply fulfilled our expectations; nor do the accounts which have been given of it, as it appears at this season of the year, (in August,) exaggerate the novelty and grandeur of the sight. All the region towards Cairo and the

Delta resembled a sea, covered with innumerable islands. Forests of palm-trees were seen standing in the water; the inundation spreading over the land where they stood, so as to give them the appearance of growing in the flood. To the north, as far as the eye could reach, nothing could be discerned but a watery surface, thus diversified by plantations and villages. To the south, we saw the Pyramids of Saccara; and, upon the east of these, smaller monuments of the same kind, nearer to the Nile. Towards the west and the south-west, the eye ranged over the great Libyan Desert, extending to the utmost verge of the horizon, without a single object to interrupt the dreary horror of the landscape, except dark floating spots, caused by the shadows of passing clouds upon the sand.

“The French attempted to open the smallest of the three principal pyramids; and having effected a very considerable chasm in one of its sides, have left this mark behind them, as an everlasting testimony of their curiosity and zeal. The landing of the British army in Egypt put a stop to their labour.

“Proceeding, we collected our party on a sort of platform, before the entrance of a passage leading to the interior: we lighted a number of tapers, and all descended into the dark

mouth of the larger pyramid. It was a chimney, about a yard wide. We presently arrived at a very large mass of granite: this seems to have been placed on purpose to choke up the passage; but a way has been made round it, by which we were enabled to ascend into a second channel, sloping in a contrary direction, towards the mouth of the first. Having ascended along this channel to the distance of one hundred and ten feet, we came to a horizontal passage, leading to a chamber with an angular roof, in the interior of the pyramid. In this passage, we found upon our right hand the mysterious well, which has been so often mentioned. Pliny makes the depth of it equal to one hundred and twenty-nine feet. We had reason to believe this calculation to be accurate.

“After once more regaining the passage whence these ducts diverge, we examined the chamber at the end of it, mentioned by all who have described the interior of this building. Its roof is angular; that is to say, it is formed by the inclination of large masses of stone leaning towards each other, like the appearance presented by those masses which are above the entrance to the pyramid. Then quitting the passage altogether, we climbed the slippery and difficult ascent, which leads to what is called the principal chamber. The workmanship, from

its perfection and its immense proportions, is truly astonishing. All about the spectator, as he proceeds, is full of majesty, and mystery, and wonder. Presently we entered that 'glorious roome,' as it is justly called by Greaves, where, as within some consecrated oratory, art may seem to have contended with nature. It stands in the very heart and centre of the pyramid, equi-distant from all its sides, and almost in the midst between the basis and the top. The floor, the sides, the roof of it, are all made of vast and exquisite tables of Shebaic marble. So nicely are these masses fitted to each other, upon the sides of the chamber, that, having no cement between them, it is really impossible to force the blade of a knife within the joints. This has been often related before; but we actually tried the experiment, and found it to be true. There are only six ranges of stone from the floor to the roof, which is twenty feet high; and the length of the chamber is about twelve yards. It is also about six yards wide. The roof, or ceiling, consists only of nine pieces of stupendous size and length, traversing the room from side to side, and lying, like enormous beams, across the top."

"This is a very interesting account of these amazing monuments of human skill. Whilst you have read it, Edwin," said Mr. Howard, "I

have accompanied the traveller in thought, and, without exposing myself to his danger, have largely shared in his gratification."

"So have I," said Edwin: "I seemed to sit down with him at the top of the pyramid."

"But I," said Emma, "came down again with the military officer, for my head was dizzy."

"But who, papa," said Edwin, "built these amazing edifices? And when were they built?"

"I rather think they were built about the year of the world, 2400. They are, no doubt, of great antiquity. I am of opinion, they were built by the Israelites, when they were in Egypt, in a state of dreadful slavery."

"But, papa, why do you think the Israelites built the Pyramids? The Bible does not mention them."

"Perhaps not, expressly. But it tells us, that they built for Pharaoh 'treasure cities.' And the Septuagint, or Greek translation, tells us, that they built the city of Heliopolis, or, the City of the Sun. But Josephus expressly says, that a great part of the oppression the Israelites suffered, was occasioned by their building Pyramids *.

* Antiq. lib. ii. c. 9. sect. 1.

"And what did they build them for?"

"We are not certain, Edwin. Very likely, as monuments to perpetuate the glory and resources of the monarchs who reared them. Perhaps, also, they were raised for secure burial places. If so, as is extremely probable, this was truly, as the poet says,

'Much ado, in earthing up a carcass.'

But mighty, as in this instance, the combined effort of the creature is, the effect is nothing when contrasted with the works of the Creator. What is the mightiest pyramid which could ever be raised by human art, but as a little grain of sand, when contrasted with a planet or a sun? Do you recollect the lines of Young, which Mr. Wallace quoted the other day, when we were talking on this very subject?"

"Yes, papa, I think I do:

Virtue alone outbuilds the Pyramids:

Her monuments shall stand, when Egypt's fall."

"Yes, 'the world passeth away, and the lusts thereof; but he that doeth the will of God,' as the Scripture says, 'abideth for ever.' In the emphatic language of a living writer, we indeed may say of the good man:

'When rapt in fire, the realms of ether glow,
And heaven's last thunder shakes the globe below,
He, undismay'd, shall o'er the ruin smile,
And light his torch at Nature's fun'ral pile!'"

CHAP. XII.

EDWIN had called Emma early for a walk before breakfast. Mr. Howard allowed him to do so; but always charged him not to go far. He was of opinion, that early rising and a short walk were conducive to health. Long walks, and much exertion, on an empty stomach, he thought, had been greatly injurious to some of his young friends, who had expected an increase of health by taking the morning air.

In a field near Mr. Howard's, as they were returning to breakfast, Edwin suddenly exclaimed: "Oh dear, dear! here is our poor Puss. Oh dear! Who has done this?"

"Poor thing!" said Emma, "she looks as if she had been worried by dogs."

"She has, I am sure. See, how they have

torn her beautiful coat to pieces! Papa will be so sorry."

"Was he attached to her?" said Emma.

"Oh yes! She used to follow him so often about; and if he were from home, she would watch till he returned; and if it were dark when he came back, and papa could not see her, she would make known her joy by running by and around him, and by brushing his ancles. We have missed her for almost a week. Papa said, yesterday, that he was afraid some harm had befallen her."

"And so it has," said Emma. "What cruel creatures some men and boys are. I suppose they set the dogs on her. Cruel creatures!"

"Papa used to say, she had but one fault, and that was scarcely any: she would leave her white hairs on his clean black clothes, now and then, in abundance, and make it necessary for him to get them off before he could go out."

"She was very old: was she not?"

"Yes, I think so; for I used to play with her when she was a big kitten, and I was quite a little boy. Papa has often said, that she was a cat much given to contemplation. For an hour together she would sit on that thick branch of the laburnum tree, as if she quite enjoyed the prospect. I will show you some verses papa made some years ago about her. They

are in my pocket-book. I will read them to you. I think you will like them.

LINES TO PUSS.

Thy velvet coat I oft admire,
'Tis finely mark'd, and rare;
Nor beau or belle could e'er desire
A softer one to wear.

Good-humour'd, none can e'er thee tease;
Thou with thy humdrum song,
Perpetually thyself dost please,
Glad as the day is long.

And little playful Edwin, too,
May take thee on his arm;
Thou art too gen'rous far, to do
The prattler any harm.

And I have mark'd thee many a time
(Sure few such cats are found)
Up the laburnum gently climb,
To view the country round.

Thou, too, art useful: search the house,
Thy ample, large domain,
And not a rat, or e'en a mouse,
Disturbs thy tranquil reign.

Another virtue too in thee,
For which we grateful feel,
And with no common pleasure see,
Is, thou'rt not giv'n to steal.

With all these excellencies, 'tis sad,
That I should have the pain
To mention any thing that's bad,
But yet I must complain.

This is thy fault, for which I grieve:
When clean as pink or rose,
Thou dost come purring by, and leave
Thy hair upon my clothes.

Thy garb and mine they do not suit,
Else I could love, I ween,
Thee, e'en as much as any brute
I ever yet have seen.

One fault thou hast, it would be well
If thou couldst part with that;
And then, we all around might tell
Thou art a perfect cat!

So, oft in common life, we see
This is not understood;
ONE HABIT of bad quality
Spoils others that are good.

'Twere well, if many of our race
(Useful, important thought!)
Would humbly supplicate the grace,
To cure a single fault."

"And so it would, Edwin. I am delighted with the moral of this playful little effusion. What a delightful talent it is, to draw instruction from such trifles, and to render them important!"

"But here comes papa: he is come to call us to breakfast."

"Where," said Mr. Howard, after the first salutations, "have you been so long? I have been waiting breakfast for you."

"We have only been through the shrubbery, and over the next three fields, papa."

"That is rather too long a walk, I think, so early in the morning."

"I was afraid, papa, you would think so. But we found poor Puss: she is dead, papa—killed by the dogs. She lies a little beyond the gate in the next field." ~

"Indeed, Edwin! I am sorry to hear it. She has often amused me. She was a most grateful creature. I was afraid she had been ill-treated."

"And what a beautiful coat, Sir, she had," exclaimed Emma.

"She had. This is the work of some wicked boys. They deserve to be severely punished. There is no apology for wanton cruelty."

"When I see a worm in our path, in our evening walk, I cannot help," said Emma, "taking care that I do not step upon it. If I can help it, I think I have no right to take away the life of any thing."

"And I too," said Edwin, "always take care and step over a worm; but then I think of Cowper's lines:

‘I would not enter on my list of friends,
(Though graced with polish’d manners and fine sense,
Yet wanting sensibility) the man
Who needlessly sets foot upon a worm.
An inadvertent step may crush the snail
That crawls at evening in the public path;
But he that has humanity, forewarn’d,
Will tread aside, and let the reptile live.’”

“He will,” said Mr. Howard; “but yet we are at liberty to kill animals for our food; and when insects, or reptiles, or creatures of any kind become noxious or hurtful, their right to life must give way to the comforts and necessities of man. I am truly sorry I have lost my old companion: she has been with me, in many a painful moment, the unconscious witness of my sorrows.”

As soon as the every-day duties of the morning were discharged, Mr. Howard proposed to show Emma the Druidical circle of stones which were in the neighbourhood, and which she had never seen.

They set out for this purpose. The way led them through a rural village, which was generally admired. A beautiful stream of water, about three feet deep, ran through the midst of it, every where clear as crystal. The cottages were built on either side the stream, amidst plantations of trees, and shrubs, and gardens. The different parts of the village were connected

together by neat wooden bridges. Their way was through the church-yard of this interesting spot. Here they saw two or three children, and a young woman, decorating a newly-made grave with flowers. She was calling to one of them, who was playing round a distant grave.

"Come, Susan," said she, "bring your flowers. Your mother is buried here, and not there."

The little creature hastily gathered up those she had been scattering over the wrong hillock, and ran to the resting-place of her mother.

"We shall not have half enough," said the young female: "we must go and try and beg some more."

"And shall I water these," said the elder of the little ones, "whilst you are gone, aunt, for some more?"

"No, my dear," said her aunt. "You shall go with us; for we must have a great many more flowers."

"Oh yes, aunt; for we will make mother's grave pretty: won't we?"

"Yes, my dear."

"And won't she be pleased, aunt? She herself, you know, put flowers all over my father's grave; and she would do it herself, and she would not let any one else do it. And she did water them every day."

"Yes, my dear, she did, till she was ill, and died herself."

"And now I will water these on mother's grave: shall I, aunt?"

"We can all come to it every day, my dear."

At this moment, Mr. H. and Edwin and Emma came along the pathway which led close by the grave. Mr. Howard said:

"Have you buried a relative here?"

"Yes, Sir, my sister, and the mother of these three children. And there, Sir, in the next grave, lies their father. He has been dead these four months."

"I hope," said Mr. H. "that you will be a mother to the children."

"Yes, Sir, as far as I can. My poor sister, Sir, never lifted up her head after her husband died. It is a sad thing for the poor children, Sir, to have neither father nor mother."

"It is, indeed. But God is all-sufficient. He is the father of the fatherless; and now father and mother have both forsaken them, I hope the Lord will indeed take them up."

"But why do you plant flowers over the grave?" said Emma.

"I don't know, Miss," said the young woman: "it is our custom. We always strewed flowers over the graves of our friends."

Mother," said the elder child, "used to

put them over father's grave; but now, see, they are all withered, for she cannot water them any more."

Mr. Howard gave them some little books, and a little money to the young woman; and bade her be sure and be kind to the children, and teach them to read the Bible, and to pray to God, that he might become a father to them."

As they proceeded in their excursion, Edwin said:

"Papa, what a sad thing it must be, to be fatherless as well as motherless! How thankful to God I am, papa, that I am not fatherless!"

"It is, Edwin, a great mercy to you. I am glad you are sensible of the divine goodness."

"But on what account, Sir," said Emma, "do they plant flowers over the grave?"

"It is difficult to say, my dear. It is, we have reason to believe, a very ancient custom, and very innocent and harmless: it would be well, if all our village customs were equally unexceptionable."

"And is it not a very pretty custom, papa?" said Edwin: "I quite like it."

"It certainly is, in some points of view, pleasing."

"I have been thinking," said Emma, "for papa often tells us that there is a reason for

every thing, that they strew the grave with flowers, as descriptive of the loveliness and beauty of their departed friends."

"It is not unlikely, Emma, that they meant by this action to say to every spectator, The friend we have lost, and whose place of rest we now adorn, was once as lovely and blooming as the loveliest of the flowery creation."

"I thought, papa, that it might be a solemn admonition to the living."

"What, an intimation to them that, however healthy, they must wither and die, like these interesting but transient visitants?"

"Yes, papa."

"Well, this is a natural thought: it may be so."

"Another idea has struck me, Sir. Perhaps it is a tribute of respect, intending to show him who passes by, that the memory of the friend who had left the world to return to it no more, was still, to his surviving relatives, as fragrant as these flowers."

"Your supposition is ingenious. I am glad you exercise the powers of your mind," said Mr. H. "but a very different thought occurs to me. Perhaps these flowers, when they were first thrown on the grave, or planted on its surface, were regarded as emblematic of the faith of those who scattered or planted them;

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as if they had said, Think not that our friend is really dead: the Gospel has brought life and immortality to light, and we cordially believe its animating truths. The cold remains, indeed, of him we loved, sleep here till the resurrection morning; but the happy spirit, we believe, more beautiful than the fairest productions of this lower world, lives, and shines, and triumphs, amidst the paradise of God in glory. But we are near the Druidical circle."

"I do not see it, Sir," said Emma, eagerly.

"No, my dear: it is just within the next gate, on our right hand."

Edwin ran forward, and opening the gate he called out aloud: "Here, papa, here they are."

"I had no doubt, Edwin, that this was the case. No one would readily carry them away."

As they stood viewing them, Mr. H. exclaimed: "The snows, and frosts, and rains of many ages, have beat on these stones. The innumerable perforations in them incontrovertibly prove their antiquity."

"You said, Sir, it was a Druidical circle: did you not?"

"Yes, Emma."

"Then the storms of at least two thousand winters have assailed them. Have they not, Sir?"

"The Druids must have taken a great deal of pains, Sir," said Emma, "to rear the immense structures which they did. Papa was telling us, some time since, of Stonehenge, which, I believe, is part of a vast Druidical temple."

"I think this was the case. I apprehend Stukely is correct, when he endeavours to prove that it was the metropolitan Druidical temple. It was customary with the Druids, to place one large stone on another, for a religious memorial; and these were often placed in such a way, that even a breath of wind would make them vibrate."

"I should like to see Stonehenge, papa."

"Perhaps you may, some time or other. It is composed of two circles, and two ovals. The outer circle is one hundred and eight feet in diameter, consisting, when entire, of sixty stones, thirty uprights, and thirty imposts; of which there now remain twenty-four uprights only, seventeen standing, and seven down, three feet and a half asunder, and eight imposts. Eleven uprights have their five imposts on them by the grand entrance: these stones are from thirteen to twenty feet high."

"The circle we have seen to-day, papa, is nothing then to Stonehenge."

"True, Edwin, that must have been a stupendous structure. The smaller circle is some-

what more than eight feet from the inside of the outer one, and consisted of forty smaller stones, the highest measuring about six feet; nineteen of which only now remain, and eleven only are standing. The walk between these two circles is three hundred feet in circumference. The *adytum*, or cell, is an oval formed of ten stones, from sixteen to twenty-two feet high, in pairs; and with imposts above thirty feet high, rising in height as they go round, and each pair separate, and not connected as the outer pair; the highest eight feet. Within these are nineteen other smaller single stones, of which six only are standing. At the upper end of the cell is the altar, a large slab of blue, coarse marble, twenty inches thick, sixteen feet long, and four broad: it is pressed down by the weight of the vast stones which have fallen upon it. The whole number of stones, uprights and imposts, comprehending the altar, is one hundred and forty.

“Yes, Emma, it must have cost immense labour to have reared this vast structure. Superstition, and false religion, have not spared pains or expense to establish and to propagate their absurdities. There is a nation which gave ‘large money’ to a band of soldiers, to make current the most outrageous falsehood which ever was fabricated. The servants of

Satan liberally devote their property to their master's honour, and to the advancement of his accursed empire. And ought the servants of the most High God to be more sparing of their labour and property, in their exertions for the advancement of immortal truth, and for the enlargement of the kingdom of holiness, of happiness, and of love? Forbid it justice, decency, humanity! We ought not to grudge any labour or expense to extend Christianity, a system which so eminently diffuses the sacred principles mentioned in the angelic hymn, 'Glory to God in the highest, on earth peace, and good will towards men.'

"There is a magnificent society, formed by Christians of different denominations, for the diffusion of the Scriptures. There will be a meeting of the friends to this institution in a few weeks, in this neighbourhood. If possible, you shall be present on the occasion."

consulting with
 they should walk,
 or with a letter.
 and, he said:
 Edwin. I hope
 Alas!" said Mr.
 ver the first page,
 George is very ill,
 must go by the
 him. But here is

en to communicate to
 lligence. Poor George,
 as out hunting with the
 had some words with
 they met near his house,
 eir friends, and fought a
 ugerously wounded. He
 was taken home, except

to bid the servants send for me. I went immediately; but he was delirious, and did not know me. I am now in his bed-chamber. Our medical friend is in constant attendance: the ball is extracted; but he gives me very little hope that he can survive many days.

"This heavy blow has come from the hands of his most intimate companion; for whose detestable society he has sacrificed the friendship of a brother who ardently loved him, and all the kindness and tenderness of a mother, whose life, I fear, is yet bound up in his. Truly, the friendship of the wicked is but of little value.

"Often have I predicted some fatal result of his friendship with those abandoned young men. Often, very often, night and day, have I planned schemes to rescue him from the whirlpool which I feared would devour him. But they have been all in vain: he has fallen into it, and I fear he is lost for ever.

"Sleep has fled from my eyes. I can do nothing but watch, and weep, and pray. My heart is almost broken. Pray for me, my dear brother; and haste to sympathize with and help me.

"The loss of my ever-honoured husband was a great one. I have not yet recovered it. But that was nothing to this. This, my dear

brother, will indeed, I fear, bring down my grey hairs with sorrow to the grave.

"He does not yet know me. I stand and look at him, and am ready, at some moments, to wish that God had hidden me, with his father, in the grave, that the darkness of this day might never have been witnessed by me.

"The inmost feelings of my soul harmonize with those of Israel's monarch: I gently whisper his language, as I tread softly across this chamber of affliction. 'O Absalom! my son Absalom! Would God I had died for thee! O Absalom, my son, my son!'

"I wait with much anxiety to see you; though, I fear, your coming will be of no service to poor George: it is too late now to do him good. His poor body is sinking into the grave, and his spirit is on the brink of eternity. I can add no more, except that I am ever your affectionate, but now much afflicted sister,

"E. C. BLUNT."

Edwin and Emma wept whilst Mr. H. read this letter; nor could he himself refrain from tears. A silence of some minutes ensued, which was at length broke by Edwin, who exclaimed: "You said, papa, that unless George altered, he would not come to any good; and, indeed, it is so."

"I never saw any one, who practically contemned God's holy commandments, who came at last to any good. Indeed, it is impossible they should," said Mr. H. "'The way of transgressors is hard,' as Solomon says. 'There is no peace to the wicked, saith my God.' 'Who hath hardened himself against God, and hath prospered?' No one; assuredly, no one."

"Papa often says so," said Emma, "and it is very true."

"The Bible has in it many proofs of this sentiment."

"It has, Edwin. Will you mention two or three?"

"Was not Cain a proof of it, papa?"

"Yes: he murdered his brother. God's displeasure rested on him. He was a fugitive and a wanderer on the earth."

"And was not Pharaoh another proof of it?"

"Yes: he said, 'Who is the Lord, that I should obey his voice?' And when the people of God were released from his cruel tyranny, in contempt of the divine will made known to him by the plagues of Egypt, and by express messages by Moses, he said: 'I will pursue, I will overtake, I will divide the spoil: my lust shall be satiated on them.' He overtook—he followed them into the path God had made for them through the mighty waters; but he gained not

his object : God blew with his wind, and he and his hosts perished in the ocean. It is nothing with the Almighty to save or to destroy, by many, or by few, or by none at all."

"And was not Herod another proof of it, papa?"

"Yes, my dear. He killed James, the brother of John, with the sword, and he was about to take away the life of Peter also. One day he dressed himself very magnificently, assembled his subjects, and made a fine speech to them. At the close of it they gave a great shout, and said : 'It is the voice of a god, and not that of a man;' and immediately the angel of the Lord slew him. Truly, Edwin, without mentioning any more proofs, for they are innumerable, none have hardened themselves against God, and have prospered. God has bid his servants say to the wicked : 'It shall go ill with you.' Indeed, our principles and conduct bear a similar reference to eternity, which the seed does to the future harvest. A man cannot sow tares, and reap wheat. This is the sentiment of the apostle : 'Be not deceived, God is not mocked. Whatsoever a man soweth, that also shall he reap : he that soweth to the flesh, shall of the flesh reap corruption; he that soweth to the spirit, shall of the spirit reap life everlasting.'"

"But, papa, shall we take our walk to-day?"

"We must dine earlier: the coach passes about five o'clock. I think, though we have not time for our usual walk, we may go to the top of the hill. I have a few things to arrange, before I go to my sister's."

Poor George! as Emma often called him, was the subject of the conversation till they arrived on the hill, and, indeed, through the whole of the day.

Soon after they had sat down, (for there was a seat on this beautiful elevation,) Mr. Howard, fixing his eyes on a pleasant farm-house near the midst of the valley, said:

"The account we have had this morning of poor George, forcibly reminds me of a similar occurrence, which happened many years since. When I first came into this neighbourhood, a venerable old man called on me one morning, to request me to go with him to see his son, who was not expected to survive long. He lived at that house;" said Mr. Howard, pointing to the farm in the valley. "The father was unable to converse, he was so much overwhelmed. I perceived the big tears creeping in silence down the furrows of his aged cheeks. Some broken sentences were nearly all he uttered. 'My poor boy!' he exclaimed, 'how well he might have done, if he would have been

advised! Ah! now he is lost, I see my error; but it is too late. I sent him from home, and made him his own master too early. Bad company has been his ruin. O God, have mercy on my child!

"I said, 'We are not forbid to hope, Sir, no, not even in the greatest extremity.'

" 'True,' said he, 'we are not; but his state is such, that I hardly know how to hope respecting his future condition. It is this, Sir,' said he, 'which almost breaks my heart.'

" 'But God can save,' I rejoined, 'at the eleventh hour.'

" 'He can,' said he. 'I implore his pity, I ask his mercy through Jesus Christ. Pray! pray! help me to pray for him!'

" 'I do, I will,' said I; 'and who can tell, but that God will be gracious. Jesus Christ came into the world to seek and to save those who were lost.'

"After much more conversation of a similar kind, we arrived at the farm. I believe that a part of the same family still reside there. You see how delightfully it is situated, and embowered by the finest underwood. When I visited it, nature had just put on her gayest, her most interesting, her most brilliant covering: she was arrayed in all her vernal glory. The nightin-

gale had chosen it for her favourite residence: her delicious warblings added to the charms of the scenery, and rendered the lovely spot in the highest degree attractive and desirable. For the owner, however, unfortunately, it had possessed but very few charms. He often left it for dissipated company, and the abode of riot and intoxication. Had he but known the pleasures of communion with the Saviour, what an Eden might this have been to his enraptured spirit. Amidst these delightful shades, in elevated contemplation and devotion, he might have found that sublime felicity, which the greater part of mankind are searching for in vain. He might have anticipated and enjoyed much of the blessedness of a better world, even here below. Often, as I repeatedly visited him, did I utter the lines,

‘The calm retreat, the silent shade,

With prayer and praise agree;

And seem, by thy sweet bounty, made

For those who follow thee.

‘There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,

And grace her mean abode,

Oh, with what peace, and joy, and love,

She communes with her God.

‘There, like the nightingale, she pours

Her solitary lays;

Nor asks a witness of her song,

Nor thirsts for human praise.’”

"These are beautiful lines," said Emma.

"They are; but the owner of yonder habitation," said Mr. H. "was a stranger to the devotion of the heart. Though his parents and many of his connexions were truly pious, he had lived 'without God, and without hope, in the world;' and now he was dying in the most wretched circumstances. We entered his chamber. His appearance was such as could not but awaken, in every benevolent bosom, emotions of the sincerest pity. He had evidently fallen a martyr to early vice and dissipation. There are many such inglorious martyrs in society. His fine constitution (for he had evidently belonged to the most vigorous class of human beings) was absolutely ruined. How hard and terrible a task-master is sin! If, with ardour and diligence, he had devoted himself to the service of God, he might not thus have been brought, in the very bloom of life, to an early grave."

"But what did he say to you, papa?" said Edwin.

"I will tell you, my dear. Reason had been for several days dethroned: all the wildness of delirium marked his features and his conduct. For a single moment, in the course of my visit, I thought he recognized me, and he said: 'There is joy in heaven over one sinner that

repenteth.' I eagerly grasped his hand, and exclaimed, 'There is: may you find mercy!' But he almost immediately relapsed into his former state. At the request of his family, we united in fervent supplication at the throne of grace, that he might be spared and pardoned. He continued in this painful state for several days. No ray of light seemed to dawn upon his soul. About a week afterwards he expired, apparently

'Without one cheerful beam of hope,
Or spark of glimm'ring day!'

"It was an affecting case," said Emma.

"It was," said Mr. H. "but full of instruction."

"I hope," said Edwin, "that poor George's history will not be altogether like this."

"I hope not," said his papa. "I expect to see him about eight o'clock this evening. I will write you to-morrow, and let you know how he is."

"But how invaluable is true wisdom! How inestimable is early piety! Never forget, my dear children, that 'The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom.' Eternity will prove the truth of the sentiment, 'A good understanding have all they who keep his commandments.' Solomon had good reason for saying,

‘ With all thy gettings, get wisdom: length of days is in her right hand, and in her left hand riches and honour. Her ways are ways of pleasantness, and all her paths are peace!’ ”

CHAP. XIV.

MR. H. arrived in safety at his nephew's. His sister was exceedingly glad to see him. The next day, mindful of his promise to his son, he wrote him the following letter.

“ MY DEAR EDWIN,

“ From this habitation of affliction:
I write you a few lines.

“ You will be happy to hear that your cousin is a little better, though by no means out of danger. In a few lucid moments, last evening, soon after my arrival, he knew me, and stretched his hand to grasp mine. ‘ My uncle! my dear uncle!’ was all he could say, and relapsed into his former state, that of insensibility or delirium.

"This morning I have had a little conversation with him. 'Oh,' said he, 'I wish, uncle, I had hearkened to your counsel, and that of my mother! How foolishly, how madly have I acted! Is it not now too late? Tell me, is it not now too late?' I would not permit him to fatigue himself: I endeavoured to soothe him, and to encourage the hope, that it was not too late to repent and turn to his heavenly Father, from whom he had indeed deeply revolted.

"He is evidently the subject of much mental anguish. Among many incoherent things he uttered yesterday, there were some, his brother Richard tells me, of a most painful nature. 'What a wretch have I been!' said he, as he saw his brother weeping by his bed-side. 'I have indeed afflicted you; but this is not the worst. I have murdered my mother! I have ruined my soul!'

"This is a case, my dear Edwin, full of instruction. I hope you will be altogether unlike poor George. Oh, supplicate divine grace, that you may conscientiously and habitually attend to those duties so frequently inculcated on you, even from your earliest infancy. Should this be the case, as I fondly hope it will, I shall indeed rejoice. And though the world should frown, and adverse circumstances should arise, and professed friends forsake me, and even

my health and spirits, and life itself decay, it shall still be matter of unfeigned joy, of perpetual and devout thanksgiving, that I have a son whom I need never be ashamed to own; and I shall bless God, even in my dying moments, that I have not lived in vain.

“There is one question which I hope will frequently and seriously, and, indeed, through the whole of your life, have a large share of your especial attention, since it includes in it all I can recommend to your notice, and all that can ever be valuable to you: it is, How can I most please God, and glorify his venerable name? The spirits of the just made perfect, who stand before the throne in glory, cannot propose to themselves a nobler object. Nor can you ever be happy, no, not even if the world were to shower down on you a profusion of her most distinguished honours, and riches, and pleasures, unless you are sincerely and constantly anxious to answer this great end of your existence. The immortal mind can never be satisfied without the favour and friendship of God. Where these are enjoyed, there will be the most affectionate concern to converse with, to honour, and please him. Such an individual may justly pity the possessor of a throne who is destitute of this superiör bliss. He may take his stand on the margin of the immeasurable

deep, and say, 'He who holds the mighty waters in the hollow of his hand, is my Friend and my Father. The enjoyments of the votary of the world,' he may exclaim, 'sate, but never satisfy: mine satisfy, but never sate.' He may elevate his eyes to the heavens, and say: 'He who stretched abroad the mighty expanse as a tent to dwell in, deigns to visit and to bless me, and to call me his child! How large the condescension! How boundless the grace! How unspeakable the bliss!'

"Oh, my dear Edwin, if you would please God, you must avoid iniquity! Sin will destroy your respectability, and usefulness, and health, and comfort, in the present world; and ruin your soul for ever in that which is to come. Let it be written on your heart, (oh that it may be so, by the Holy Spirit of God, who alone can teach you to profit!) that it is utterly impossible to gain any thing by sin. I deny not, indeed, that the depraved heart may occasionally find momentary advantage and enjoyment in passing over the boundaries assigned by almighty wisdom and goodness; but these are always infinitely outweighed by the loss of all that is most valuable. Oh, think how much poor George has sacrificed for his vices! Sin is a cruel and an accursed tyrant. Even in the present world, a wicked man cannot be happy:

he carries in his bosom a perpetual accuser, and his own heart tells him, that the accusations, awful as they are, are just.

“‘Their rock,’ the Christian may say, in the language of holy triumph, when referring to the ungodly, ‘their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges.’ It is remarkable, that bad men, in their expiring moments, *never, never* (my dear boy, treasure up the sentiment in your bosom) recommend their children or friends to imitate their example: you know, that they generally charge them to tread in an opposite path. I have stood by the side of many a dying bed, and I never heard a single person say to those who have been around them, ‘Be as worldly, as wicked, as prayerless, as regardless of the salvation of your soul, as I have been. Put off thinking of eternity, as I have done, till you are entering on it.’ Every one knows that their language has usually been the reverse of this.

“Pious persons, on the contrary, have uniformly left the world regretting, perhaps, that they have loved God no more, and served him no better; yet rejoicing that they have had the happiness of belonging to his family, and anxious that their children and friends should tread in the same path, and follow them even ‘as they followed Christ.’

"The poet Burns, who wrote the exquisite little poem, called 'The Cotter's Saturday Night,' a part of which you have heard me repeat many times, was given up to dissipation. But was he happy? Let the following memorable sentence, from his own pen, in a confidential letter to a friend, furnish a reply: 'Even in the hours of social mirth, my gaiety is the madness of an intoxicated criminal under the hands of the executioner!' Truly, 'their rock is not as our rock, our enemies themselves being judges.'

"Forget not, my dear Edwin, that though the fruit of the forbidden tree may appear beautiful and desirable to the eyes, it is not on this account the less detestable, poisonous, or fatal.

"Above all, may the great and glorious truths of the Bible be early and indelibly impressed on your tender mind; that so, in the hour of temptation, you may learn to resist or to flee from the tempter, resolutely and indignantly exclaiming: 'How can I do this great wickedness, and sin against God?'

"With love to Emma, I am,

"Your ever affectionate father,

"T. H.

"P. S. I trust I need not say, that you will

attend to your Latin, French, geography, writing, and accounts, as if I were at home. I am sure you will. You shall hear from me again soon."

Emma's health was much improved. She and Edwin were in the shrubbery when Mr. H.'s letter arrived. They read it with great pain. They were about to prop up some flowers, which had been beaten down by the rain; but their labour for the present was relinquished. They walked on together to the alcove.

"It is a melancholy history, indeed," said Edwin: "is it not, Emma?"

"It is. Your papa said, that vice has its martyrs as well as religion; and so it has. Poor George appears to be one of them. Oh, how I feel for his poor mother!"

"So do I," said Edwin. "I cannot offend my mother: she has long left me. But I have a dear father, and I would not grieve him, as George has grieved his mother, no, not for all the world."

"We should do as one ought," said Emma, "for our own sakes. But it is a very pleasant reflection, that proper conduct gives so much pleasure to those who best love us: I should like virtue on this account, as well as on every other."

"It is a great privilege," said Edwin, "that we have wise and pious friends, who give us such excellent instructions, and who enforce all by their example. Your papa, Emma, is very much like mine."

"He is; and if we are not good and happy, it will not be his fault. His whole heart is concerned for our welfare. What a sin it would be to pain such parents. There is such a pleasure in being good too, I will try more and more to be so, and I will ask God to help me by his Holy Spirit."

"Papa often repeats two lines, which he has given me more than once for a copy," said Edwin.

'Count all the advantage prosp'rous vice attains,
'Tis but what virtue flies from, and disdains.'

I love to do what is right, because it pleases my papa."

"But we should love to do what is right, because it is right, and because it pleases God," said Emma.

"Yes, I am aware of this: papa often tells me so, and I hope I do."

"But what a sweet letter your papa has written you. I have many of my own papa's letters too, which I much value. I am sure he must have been from home, or I should have heard

of him before. I wonder he has not written: he must have been very busy."

"I should like to see some of your papa's letters: I do not think that you ever showed me one of them."

"I am sure you shall be welcome to see them, Edwin; and I think I have one in my little box, which will please you. It was written to Charles, when he first went from home to school. I found it among his clothes, and mentioning it to him, he gave it me, and wished me to take care of it. Here it is."

"MY DEAR CHARLES,

"I WAS happy to hear of your safe arrival at O * * *. I hope you felt thankful to your heavenly Father, for his kind care so constantly extended over you. To be permitted to journey without injury, is indeed a great mercy. I have known some who have left their families in health, who have never returned to them any more, or who have been brought home in the most painful circumstances. I trust you will early learn to see, and gratefully to acknowledge, God's kind hand in the least as well as in the greatest events of life.

"It is a circumstance peculiarly pleasing to me, that you are satisfied and happy relative to your situation. I much rejoice that you can

even already say, that you have reason to esteem and love your revered tutor. I think I may justly hope, on this account, that your efforts to attain useful knowledge will not, and, indeed, cannot be in vain.

“It is my intention, in this letter, to make some remarks, in reference to the whole of your deportment, which I hope will be useful to you, and which it is my wish you should frequently peruse, till your good habits are so well established, that, happily, there will be no occasion to do so. And let me observe, that you can never be too much concerned to acquire good habits, or, when you have attained them, sufficiently thankful. To use the expressive language of an original writer *, ‘ Good habits are the grasp of the hand of God upon us, to keep us in the path of duty, and which will not let us go.’ Oh, if you would flee far away from merited disgrace and wretchedness, I charge, I beseech you, be most anxiously concerned to avoid bad habits! The Ethiopian may as reasonably be expected to change his skin, or the leopard his spots, as those learn to do good, who have been accustomed to do evil.

“You know, my dear Charles, that I long to see you respectable and useful, beloved and

* Foster's Essays.

happy. Your wishes, I trust, harmonize with mine: now, if this be the case, conscientiously and diligently attend to the following things.

“*Obey your tutor.* Depend on it, he will never bid you do any thing but what will be for your real welfare. Should it even appear to you (which I cannot for a moment suppose) that some of his commands spring from an improper motive, still obey them. Recollect, that he must necessarily understand things in general better than you do. And when you come closely, deliberately, and impartially to examine circumstances, you will commonly be of opinion that he was right, and that you were incorrect in your judgment. No seminary can possibly prosper without proper subordination. It is your indispensable duty, on all occasions, to submit to his decisions. I speak positively on this point, because I know it will be for your welfare.

“Not only obey, but *love and esteem him*. Cheerfully do that which you know will please him, and I am confident that you will find your account in it. A tutor cannot but love such a boy: he will be almost sure to look on him with a kind of parental affection, and will gladly do every thing in his power for his improvement.

“When you have anxiously laboured, and can-

not fully comprehend the meaning of a sentence in your Virgil or Cicero, apply to him respectfully, and I am sure he will kindly help you through your difficulties.

“*Be diligent.* This is a precept of the highest importance, and absolutely essential to your improvement. Indolence is usually connected with every vice which can disgrace humanity. There is no method by which you can gain useful knowledge, but by close application to study. If you are not industrious, you will not, you cannot excel in any thing. It will be of no moment to you, that you are in one of the best schools in the kingdom, and surrounded with the finest opportunities of gaining information. If misimproved, your advantages will only aggravate your shame. It would be of no avail to surround the hive with a profusion of the sweetest flowers, if the bees were not unremitting in their industry. Be ashamed, then, not to improve your inestimable privileges. You ought not to be satisfied, unless you make some progress in your learning every day. You will doubtless meet with difficulties, but these should not discourage you. Others have learned what you will be required to attain, and why should not you? Your natural talents are good: you will only want that which will depend on yourself—industry, and a fixed determination that,

by the blessing of God, it shall not be your own fault if you do not indeed acquire a substantial education.

“Avoid lying, and even the semblance of falsehood. Remember, nothing can need a lie. The liar will do any thing that is bad. There can be no doubt, but that he who will deliberately tell a lie, will rob any one when he has opportunity. When you do any thing wrong, (and I hope this will be very seldom,) never tell a lie to cover it. On all occasions utter the truth. Depend on it, that, however your mind may suggest the contrary, that it will be most to your advantage to do so. Men, in some way or other, punish liars; and the great God will assuredly do so too. Ananias and Sapphira were struck dead for lying. ‘A proud look, and a lying tongue,’ are said ‘to be an abomination to the Lord.’

“Never call a school-fellow by any name but his own. Should he address you in any other manner, do not take any notice of it: it is unworthy of you. Do to all about as you would have them do to you. Especially scorn to speak bad or unbecoming words.

“Love every one around you. This is the way to be loved. Select the best youth as your chief companions and friends; but love all, and whenever it is in your power, do good to any

of them. It would highly gratify me to have it justly said, that there is not a boy in the school more kind than yourself.

“Some of the young friends who are with you *excel in good manners: imitate them*. It will be inexcusable to be clownish in your behaviour.

“*Never be cruel to any thing, nor permit any one else to be so, if you can help it*. Do not needlessly set your foot even on the most contemptible insect. Let the sentiment be ever fresh in your recollection, that

‘The poor beetle that we tread upon,
In corp’ral sufferance, feels a pang as great
As when a giant dies.’

“*Take a pride in keeping yourself clean*. Often wash your hands and face: it will be good for your health. Keep your apparel in good order as long as you can. Forget not, that you appear to much advantage when you are clean, and that you look exceedingly ill when you are otherwise.

“I need not, I trust, say a syllable to you *against dishonesty*, hoping and believing that you will ever abhor taking the meanest trifle that does not belong to you; and knowing, as you well do, that all that is

'ever got by thieving,
Turns to sorrow, shame, and pain.'

"Frequently review what you have learned.
I have known many persons who have lost languages and the most valuable attainments, for want of attention to this plain but very important precept.

"Pay a becoming attention to the discourses you hear on the Sabbath day. The minister you hear labours for the welfare of your soul. He comes to you in the name of God, and proves the truth of what he advances, by an appeal to his unerring word. It will be your ruin to condemn or neglect the inestimable truths which he perpetually brings forward: it will be your salvation affectionately to embrace them, both here and hereafter.

"Commit most of the texts which are preached from in your hearing to memory. Mark them slightly with a pencil in your Bible, so that you may read them frequently and attentively; thus you will insensibly acquire much useful scriptural knowledge.

"Ever fear to offend God. He sees all you do, and hears all you say. Seek his favour through Christ Jesus, and you will assuredly find it. It is a blessing worth more than all worlds. To use the expressive language of Scripture, it is 'better than life.' Thank him

every day for his mercies;—for health, and food, and raiment, and friends, and his kind care over you; and, above all, for Jesus Christ, his unspeakable gift. Implore his blessing on all you do. Call upon him each morning and evening. Do not live without him in the world: this is practical atheism. ‘Acknowledge him in all thy ways, and he will direct thy paths.’

“Especially and frequently pray him to pardon your manifold sins, for Jesus’ sake, who has died for us.

“Forget not, that you have parents who sincerely long for your welfare, and who will be delighted to hear that you improve in useful knowledge, and are deservedly beloved;—who, through many a sleepless night, have anxiously watched over you, when you were an afflicted babe;—who have been constantly solicitous for your real good, and who will as soon cease to breathe, as cease to pray for and love you.

“When you look over this letter, you may think it very difficult to attend to all my wishes. I am sure, however, you may do so if you sincerely try. And, depend on it, the task will be comparatively easy, if you fervently and constantly ask the blessed God by his good Spirit, to help you in the discharge of your duty, and to ‘work in you to will and to do of his own good pleasure.’

"May God bless you, my dear Charles: expect in a little time again to hear from

"Your affectionate father,

"C. W."

"This is a beautiful letter, Emma."

"It is, I think, likely to be a very useful one, Edwin. It did Charles good."

"If you will lend it me, I will copy it, and show it to papa. I am sure he will like to see it."

"You shall have it. But see! yonder is my papa coming down the hill in his gig. Let us go and meet him."

"Are you sure it is your papa, Emma? I hope it is not."

"Oh yes: don't you see, it is the grey mare. Oh, I am certain it is."

Presently Edwin came up to him, and exclaimed: "No, Sir, pray do not take Emma home yet."

"How did you know I was come for her?" said Mr. W.

"I feared, Sir, that this was the case."

"You are right, Edwin. Her mamma wants her. She has had a long holiday."

By this time Emma had come up. "Well, my dear," said Mr. W. "make haste and get ready: you must go home with me. Are you better, my love?"

"Yes, thank you, papa, I am well—quite well. I shall be soon ready, papa:—by the time you have taken a little refreshment."

Emma having bade Edwin farewell, accompanied her papa home; and Edwin returned to the alcove, and wrote his papa the following letter.

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"YOUR letter about poor George grieved me and Emma very much. I long for to-morrow, to hear again how he is. I hope he will not die, for his own sake, and especially for the sake of dear aunt. I hope to hear that he is better. Do pray, dear papa, that God would raise him up to health again.

"I am sorry to tell you, that Emma is gone home. Mr. Wallace came on purpose to fetch her. She had got quite well. We were very happy together, and now I am all alone. We were not idle, papa. We propped up the flowers that were beat down by the rain. We solved most of the problems on the globes, which are mentioned in my system of geography. We read two chapters in the French *Telemachus*, and nearly the whole of Joyce's *Scientific Dialogues*. I do not mean that we have read all this since you have been gone, but during Emma's visit.

"Please to return as soon as aunt can spare you. From your

"Ever dutiful son,

"E. H."

CHAP. XV.

SOON after Mr. Howard received the preceding letter, he again wrote, and informed Edwin of the improved state of his nephew's health. But here is the letter.

"MY DEAR EDWIN,

"Your letter of yesterday, like all you ever wrote me, gave me pleasure. I wish Emma had staid till my return. You, however, will not be melancholy. It has been one great object with me in your education, to teach you to know what to do with your time, so that it may never hang heavily on your hands. I should be exceedingly sorry if it could be ever justly said, that my Edwin did not know what to do with himself. This would show, not only that he was not what he ought

to be, but that he had been educated very improperly.

"Surely, if education be what it has been briefly defined, the establishment of good habits, it must be of the highest importance that we should early acquire a habit of improving our time. But, as this prime quality of a good education is already yours, I shall not enlarge on it.

"You are very anxious about poor George: I was sure you would be so. His fever is abated, but he is so very weak, that we say but little to him. Our medical friend begs he may be kept quiet, and, indeed, it is essential to his recovery. We sometimes hope he is out of danger, and then, in a few hours, life appears about to close.

"Your aunt, I am happy to inform you, is more tranquil and resigned in this great affliction than she was, or than, indeed, could have been expected. She commits poor George, by ceaseless prayer, into the hands of a gracious God. If ardent, importunate supplication can avail on any one's account, he will be saved; if not in reference to the present world, in a nobler and more important sense, in the glorious state that awaits the believing penitent, before the throne of God in glory.

"I yesterday, as he appeared calm and col-

lected in his mind, asked him if I should pray with him.

“ ‘Oh yes,’ said he, ‘I have need of prayer. Do pray with and for me. Pray that my sins may be forgiven, through the merits of Christ, and that, all unworthy as I am, I may not be shut out of heaven.’

“I bade him look to the refuge of the lost.

“We bowed our knees. The chamber was the house of God, and the gate of heaven.

“When prayer was finished, he took my hand, and said: ‘Uncle, my dear uncle, the deepest penitence becomes me! What a wretch have I been. I have set at nought the prayers, the admonitions, the living and dying admonitions of the best of fathers; I have contemned the counsels, the example, the kindness, of the most excellent of mothers; I have hardened my conscience; I have cast off the authority of the Most High; I have neglected my soul; I have——’

“‘Stay, stay!’ said I: ‘you exhaust yourself.’

“‘But I must speak, uncle: I have not long to speak. What a mercy it is, that God did not cut me down at once, without giving me a single moment for reflection! The dying thief, uncle, found mercy. My father used to say, There is but one such example in Scripture,

that no one may presume; there is one such example, that no one may despair. Do you think, uncle, I may get to heaven, and have a place near the dying thief?

“‘Yes, yes,’ said I, ‘you may. ‘It is a faithful saying, and worthy of all acceptance, that Jesus Christ came into the world to save sinners, even the chief of them.’ ‘Whosoever cometh to me,’ says the compassionate Redeemer, ‘I will in no wise cast out.’

“‘Dear Saviour!’ he exclaimed, ‘I come, I come to thee. Earth casts me out: I come to thee. Thou art the refuge of the destitute—the Saviour of the lost! Thou didst save the dying thief: O save, save, save *me!*’

“‘He will,’ said I. ‘Look to him: none ever looked to him in vain.’

“We left him: the scene was too much for him—for us all, especially for his poor mother.

“He seems particularly attached to his brother. Yesterday, looking at him very affectionately, he said: ‘Brother, I have treated you shamefully: will you, can you forgive me? Oh, should I live, we will be brothers!’

“How affliction, and the light of eternity, alters the views of men! We should endeavour to estimate things now, as we certainly shall when we lie on a dying pillow.

“I have much leisure here, as the weakness

of your cousin is so great, that we can hold but little conversation with him; and my sister is almost constantly in poor George's chamber, affectionately anticipating his wants, and assiduously waiting on him, far, very far beyond her strength. I fear it will be too much for her.

"Should George sleep as much to-day as he did yesterday, I will copy you, from my shorthand notes, what I have long promised, a part of the journal I kept of the last illness and death of your dear mamma.

"I must close for the present: I have only time to assure you, that I am

"Your ever affectionate father,

"T. H.

"P. S. Should George get much better, I shall shortly return. Write by return of post."

Immediately on the receipt of his papa's letter, Edwin wrote again.

"MY DEAR PAPA,

"Yours of yesterday gave me much pain and much pleasure. I was rejoiced to learn that my poor cousin George is better,

and, especially, that his mind is so happily altered. Oh that God would spare him, to manifest the sincerity of his repentance, and to give his mother more joy than he has given her grief.

"I long, papa, for your return. It seems very long since I saw you; and though I do know how to improve my time, (thanks be to God for a father who has taught me,) yet you cannot think how much I miss you.

"Besides, I fear that you, as well as my dear aunt, will exhaust yourself, and injure your health. Do, my dear papa, take care of yourself. Oh, will you not for your Edwin's sake?

"I shall be very thankful to you for the account you promise me of my dear mamma. I will take care of it for her sake, and for yours.

"I am very busy with my Latin books. The past fine days I have spent chiefly in the alcove and the shrubbery; as you have often told me, that to be much in the open air is essential to my health.

"Hoping soon again to see you, and to accompany you in your daily walks, I am, my dear papa, more than I know how to tell you,

"Your most dutiful son,

"EDWIN HOWARD."

A few days only elapsed, before a servant

called at Mr. Howard's with a packet for Edwin. It was a note from his papa, and the promised journal.

"MY DEAR EDWIN,

"POOR George has done with the things of time. He died this morning at six o'clock. He was sensible to the last. A little before he died he sent for us all, and asked us to forgive him all his improper behaviour. He especially implored the pardon of his mother and brother. He made me promise to write to his dissolute companions, and warn them, as from him, to forsake their evil courses. The poor creature who gave him his death-wound, we hear, has sailed for America. If all feeling be not lost, his life will be embittered by the most painful recollections. I will give you more information when I return: this will not be now till after the funeral. I must stay for your aunt's sake.

"The journal I enclose was kept to refresh my own memory; and that you might know how excellent a mother you had, and how tenderly she was concerned for your present and everlasting welfare; and not, indeed, without a hope, that her dying expressions would make a salutary impression on your tender mind. This, I rejoice, has been already the case.

"You will drop some tears over the narrative. He must have a hard heart, who can read it and feel nothing.

"God bless you, and make you ^a blessing.
So earnestly prays

"Your affectionate father,
"T. H."

TO EDWIN.

*Journal, containing some of the expressions
of your dying mother*.*

It pleased God early to impress the mind of your dear mother with the importance of religion, from a sermon she heard on 1 Cor. xvi. 22: "If any man love not the Lord Jesus Christ, let him be Anathema Maran-atha." She immediately become concerned to love the Saviour. She gave up her worldly friendships, and sought an acquaintance with the people of God. One of her former companions said to her: "Indeed I pity you: you have now no pleasures." Noticing this circumstance in a letter to a friend, she said: "Vain idea! how much more reason had I to pity her, for thinking that there is more enjoyment in a ball or a play, than in the service of God, and in communion with him. My pleasures are for eternity. There is a period when

* The whole of this journal is matter of fact.

it shall be said to all the votaries of the world, 'This night shall thy soul be required of thee.' How empty will their frivolous pursuits then appear! and how will they dread the summons into the presence of that God whom they have slighted, and whose service they have despised!"

It was part of her labour every sabbath day, when very young, to go more than a mile up the country, where she visited the cottages of the poor, and collected a large Sunday school, which she constantly superintended for some years.

When I first perceived symptoms of the disorder which was ultimately fatal, I took her from home for a change of air. She spent two months among our friends at a distance, and returned home much better. Still there were slight proofs, occasionally, that the painful malady was yet lurking in the constitution.

About this period, I had occasion to leave home for a short time. I received several letters from her, in which she told me that she was gaining strength, and that sometimes she walked out into the fields near our dwelling. One thing, however, created much alarm in my bosom: her writing was so much unlike her usual hand, that I was sure her letters had cost her much pain and trouble. On this account,

I hastened my return; and the instant I saw her, I perceived that my fears were but too well founded. Her voice was not her own: she had a painful cough; and I could not hesitate, in my own mind, to pronounce her consumptive. I burst into tears. Perceiving my grief, she assured me that she was better, and bade me not weep. "I shall shortly," said she, "recover; and if not, the will of the Lord be done!"

Fearing her illness would terminate fatally, I occasionally recorded some of the interesting sentences she uttered, expecting that a period would arrive, when they would administer peculiar instruction and consolation. The following paragraphs, blended sometimes with my own reflections, are from this brief, but to me very valuable record.

Her gratitude to God for his mercies, was on all occasions observable: I scarcely ever recollect that she took either food or medicine, without supplicating the blessing of heaven.

She many times repeated the twenty-third Psalm, and said it was expressive of the feelings of her heart. She peculiarly noticed the first and last verses, that the Lord Jesus was her shepherd, and that she should not want; and goodness and mercy had followed her, and would follow her for ever.

She often took her little boy in her arms,

whilst she wept over him, using a multitude of tender expressions.

Nov. 1. She wished us to sing a hymn previously to family prayer: the domestics principally sang; but she joined with ardent devotion, and with great fervour gave utterance to the lines,

“That hoping pardon through his blood,
I may lie down, and wake with God.”

Whilst we were gone this morning to worship, she had our Lord's Sermon on the Mount read to her; observing, that it was a part of Scripture which she exceedingly admired.

Nov. 3. She told me that she feared medicine was of no service to her. I gently intimated, that I was exceedingly sorry to be obliged to entertain a similar opinion. “If this be the case,” said she, “I fear I shall not recover.” After a short pause, she added: “I know that I have broken God's holy and righteous law: I deserve nothing from his hands but his displeasure; but my joy is, that the Lord Jesus has made an atonement for all who believe on him. I have long since committed my soul into his hands. I have no other refuge; I want no other: I find him sufficient.”

Nov. 5. “I have,” said she, “loved the

Scriptures, the sanctuary, the people of God, and my dear Saviour; but none of them sufficiently. Oh that I had loved them more!"

Nov. 6. "Read me," said she, "a chapter respecting my Saviour." I read the fifty-third of Isaiah. She made many remarks, expressive of her satisfaction in hearing of him who bare her sorrows and carried her griefs. She had ever been attached to the Scriptures. Though they were usually read twice a day in the family, she constantly read them alone. I can scarcely recollect a day in which she did not read and meditate on a chapter. Repeatedly, in her affliction, when I proposed to read a few pages from some valuable writer, she said: "No, read the Scriptures to me." "What portion shall I read?" "Some part of the book of Psalms: they have often done me good, and they will be useful to you," was her reply. At other times she would say, "Read me something about my Saviour."

Nov. 13. A very stormy evening. As the tempest beat against our habitation, "What a mercy," said she, in a very animated manner, "both in a temporal and a spiritual point of view, to have 'a covert from the storm, and a hiding-place from the tempest!' I hope this covert is mine. I cry perpetually for the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; yet I now want what I

have experienced in past seasons, the bright shinings of the Sun of Righteousness."

Nov. 15. She was exceedingly patient, even when in the greatest pain; and when I asked if things were done for her to her mind, she replied: "Yes, every thing is agreeable to me." I said: "I bless God, my dear, that you are able to bear your affliction with so much patience." "Why should I not do so?" she rejoined. "*Why* should a living man complain? My Saviour suffered much more for me."

Nov. 16. She said to a person who had called to see her, "Remember, that you too must die. You are a sinner against God; and Christ is the sinner's only refuge: you must fly to him by faith, or you are undone for ever."

Nov. 23. Earnestly noticing some friends who had come to visit her, she said: "I love to look at you; but how solemn the thought, that I shall soon cease to associate with you! Well, I am resigned to the will of God, either to live or to die." And soon after, waking from a gentle slumber, in the most plaintive tone of voice I recollect ever to have heard, she exclaimed: "Oh that I had wings, like a dove; then would I fly away, and be at rest: I would hasten my escape from the stormy wind and tempest."

Nov. 24. She enquired of a friend how a

person she was acquainted with had died; and being told that she died happily, she said: "Oh that this may be the case with me! I feel a mind entirely resigned to the will of God. I would leave it to him, whether I shall continue in the wilderness in the furnace of affliction, or immediately enter into his joy. The heaven mentioned in the Scriptures seems too great a bliss for such an unworthy creature as I am to expect." "Yes," said I, "but not too great for a God of infinite grace and majesty, who has given his own beloved son to die for us, to bestow upon his servants. How shall he not, WITH HIM, freely give us all things!"

Nov. 27. I perceived, in the morning, that her mind was unusually elated; and on my asking her if this were not the case, she replied: "Yes, I have had a most heavenly night. I have been into the better world: I have seen an innumerable company of happy spirits. My father was amongst the throng: he came and conversed with me, and we ranged together, holding the most delightful intercourse, over hills and through valleys, beautiful beyond the power of description. We met with many whom we had known on earth, and we recounted the mercies of God together. Though distant from earth, I seemed to know what was passing in the society I had left; especially, that

you were seeking after me, and deeply regretting my departure."

She repeatedly observed, that from the impression the above dream had made upon her mind, she could not but regard it as the voice of God, bidding her prepare to come into his presence. "Lord Jesus," said she, "I am willing to depart: come and take me to thyself, to live with thee for ever."

Nov. 29. She said she should like to select some passage to be improved after her departure, if it were thought worth while to preach a funeral sermon for her. I mentioned several texts of Scripture: among the rest, I read Jude, 21: "Looking for the mercy of our Lord Jesus Christ unto eternal life." "That," said she, "will do very well. The term *looking*, I suppose, means *longing for*, as well as *expecting* eternal bliss, through the mercy of God in Christ Jesus; and this is what I am looking and longing for."

Dec. 4. As I was enumerating some painful events which had occurred, I involuntarily exclaimed: "All these things are against me!" "No," said she, eagerly: "how can you say so? all things are for us;" and she immediately began such a recapitulation of God's mercies, as made me quite ashamed of my exclamation.

Dec. 7. To several friends in the course of

the day, she said as follows: "I want a more full assurance of my acceptance in Christ; yet I have a hope which I would not part with for all the world. I am satisfied respecting my dear boy: I leave him in the hands of a good father, and a good God."

Dec. 11. She said to me: "My dear, we shall surely know each other in heaven: if so, I shall be looking for your arrival, and longing to welcome you. We shall not be long divided; and if happy spirits can come to earth, I shall often delight to visit you."

Dec. 14. A friend observing, that she had heard that she was better, and asking her how she really was, she said: "Yes, I am better; but it is in reference to eternity, and not to time."

Dec. 16. She said: "My dear, I am in great pain; yet, do I not sin against God, by such a complaint? I ought to be perfectly resigned to his holy will. I do think I shall shortly leave you: if it were the will of God, I should like to go suddenly, and to be launched at once on the shores of a happy immortality."

Dec. 27. I frequently found her with her eyes closed, and her lips employed in prayer. She was daily and hourly becoming more indifferent to present things, and more and more occupied with the things which are unseen and

are eternal. When I asked her respecting some domestic concerns, she said: "Let it be as you please, my dear: I have done with all below the skies."

Dec. 28. She said to a friend who called on her: "I have no excessive joys; but a firm hope fixed on Christ, the immoveable foundation. I can say, with Job, 'I know that my Redeemer liveth.'"

Dec. 31. "I have," said she, "been viewing heaven. What a scene it is of rest and bliss! Why should I wish to stay in this wilderness any longer, especially as I can now leave it so comfortably? My soul is willing to depart. When I think of the bliss of heaven, and especially of the happiness arising from the immediate presence of God, I cannot wish to continue here. And surely, when you recollect that I am gone to the enjoyment of this felicity, you cannot greatly mourn for me. Besides, I am only going a little before you: we shall shortly meet again."

Jan. 1. Having occasion to mention a circumstance she had referred to in the course of the day, she observed, that she had quite forgotten it, adding, "I have almost forgotten every thing but my Saviour!"

Jan. 3. Sabbath evening. Before family

worship, she wished us to sing a hymn. The closing verse of it was,

“Thine earthly sabbath’s, Lord, we love,
But there’s a nobler rest above;
To that our lab’ring souls aspire,
With ardent pangs of strong desire.”

She repeated this verse very often, and commented on it in a very affecting manner, so that all present were in tears. “This,” said she, “is my experience: I do long for the eternal sabbath,

‘ With ardent pangs of strong desire.’”

Jan. 6. “Though,” said she, “I am not improperly weary of the world, having found in it much friendship and much mercy, yet death appears to me very inviting. I want to hear the melody of the heavenly host. When will the moment arrive, when I shall leave this clay tabernacle, and join their happy society?”

Jan. 10. “I have done with all below. Why, my dear, do you not pray for my dismissal?” was her language to-day. I told her, that I did not know how to do this; but that I did resign her to the divine will. “Perhaps,” said she, “I do wrong in making the request: not my will, but thine, O Lord, be done! I thought that the pain I have suffered to-day

would have been sufficient to separate my spirit from its shattered tenement, and to land it in glory. I am so weak, that I cannot pray as I used to do: I can only now and then utter a short sentence or two, and ask my heavenly Father to have mercy on me, and fit me for 'the inheritance of the saints in light.'"

Jan. 11. Her days and nights were now full of pain: her appetite almost entirely failed her, and she grew in every respect visibly worse. As I was watching her with much anxiety, I thought she fell into a sweet slumber: sleep was the blessing she needed. I therefore carefully hushed every sound which might disturb her repose. At the moment I imagined her most insensible to all around her, she opened her eyes, and elevating them to heaven, exclaimed: "Lord Jesus, into thine hands I commend my spirit! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!" She was proceeding in the same animated strain, when I gently interrupted her, and asked her if she would have any thing. "Nothing but eternal bliss!" was her memorable reply; reminding me of the excellent Melancthon, who, in similar circumstances, and in answer to a similar enquiry, said: "Nothing else beside heaven!"

Jan. 13. Till to-day, she had been carried up and down stairs; but to-day she was in so

much pain, and so exceedingly weak, that I could not prevail on her to leave her bed. She was evidently sensible of her approaching dissolution. Indeed, she said to me, "I am going to leave you; but I am not afraid to die: the kingdom of heaven is my portion. The Lord Jesus has promised to receive me. I love him; and I never heard of any one who loved him, whom he cast into hell."

She was very restless in the night: she was frequently in prayer, and she often said: "I am going to my rest. Lord Jesus, receive my spirit! Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly!"

About seven o'clock on the morning of the 14th, she said to me: "I am indeed going to my rest." As she saw me exceedingly affected, she grasped my hand, and in a firm tone of voice, and with an emphasis I shall never forget, exclaimed: "My mind is happy!" and in a few moments, with the utmost serenity, "fell asleep in Jesus!"

Reader! be concerned to live the life, and thou shalt die the death of the righteous.

CHAP. XVI.

POOR George was now committed to the silent tomb. Though it is confessedly difficult to determine whether a death-bed penitence be sincere or not, yet there was something very consolatory in the departure of Mr. Blunt. The hope with which it inspired the bosom of his mother, made her wipe away her tears.

Mr. H. was now again returned to his dear boy, and to his accustomed duties. They had conversed at large on the painful subject which, for the last few weeks, had occupied their attention.

They were now walking together in the shrubbery. -Examining a tree minutely, which bore a favourite apple, Mr. H. could not find what he was searching after—fruit.

“So it is,” said Mr. H. “with the vineyard of God. He comes into it seeking, not leaves, but fruit—the fruits of righteousness, which are by Christ Jesus to the praise and glory of God. ‘Every branch,’ says the Saviour, ‘that beareth

not fruit, he taketh away; and every branch that beareth fruit, he purgeth it, that it may bring forth more fruit. Herein is our heavenly Father glorified, that we bear much fruit; so shall we indeed be his disciples.'"

"Have you observed the hop-poles, papa?" said Edwin.

"Not particularly, my dear. When I noticed them last, they were covered with multitudes of little insects."

"There are no hops, papa."

"I did not expect there would be many: those insignificant creatures, when God gives them a commission to destroy, are no mean adversaries. Thus, the locusts came up, and devoured every green thing in the land of Egypt. God has many arrows in his quiver: the smallest insects, no less than the highest intelligences around his throne, accomplish the purposes of his will, and show forth his praise. It is our favourite poet who remarks:

'What is his creation less,
Than a capacious reservoir of means,
Form'd for his use, and ready at his will?'"

"The waters of the Nile too became blood, papa."

"Yes: all the plagues of Egypt were so many strokes of the Almighty against their

false gods. They worshipped the Nile, and Jehovah showed them how poor a god it was, and how unable to help them. They worshipped cattle, and God cut them off; and reptiles, and the land was filled with them."

"I meant to have asked you, papa, how the frogs could get up into the ovens."

"A very proper question, Edwin. It is one of the senseless objections of Paine to the Scriptures, that it was impossible they should do so. This was only a proof of the ignorance of this boasted champion of infidelity."

"But it is difficult to imagine, papa, how they could do so: I have puzzled myself a great deal about it. You know, the frogs could not have got up into our ovens."

"It is true, my dear; but we must never forget, that the customs of the countries to which the Scriptures refer, differ widely, in many points of view, from ours. In various parts of the East, instead of what we call *ovens*, they dig a hole in the ground, in which they insert an earthen pot, which, having sufficiently heated, they stick their cakes to the inside, and when baked, remove them, and supply their places with others. To find such places full of frogs, would be no matter of wonder, would it, Edwin, when the whole country swarmed with them?"

"Certainly not, papa. How soon a little knowledge of things as they are, removes great difficulties from Scripture."

"God could have sent the crocodiles against Pharaoh, and the people who oppressed the poor Israelites. But the meanest arrow in God's quiver is sufficient to subdue the stoutest foe. Thus, he sent the locust, the frog, and the fly, against them. The frog is a creature perfectly harmless; but, in this case, by the numbers that came up on the land, it was a terrible affliction."

"But here, papa, is the tree which you said you planted the day I was born: how much it is grown."

"It is; and so are you, Edwin. When that tree was planted, you were a little helpless babe; and so you were for a long time afterwards. Your dear mamma was always pleased to look at this tree."

"What a delightful account it is which you have sent me of her! Oh, papa, what a charming woman she must have been! Oh, how I wish she had but lived!"

"So do I, Edwin, on many accounts: on your account and mine; but not on her own. I should have been very sorry if you had continued always a baby, and if, to this day, nothing but childish things delighted you. Your

dear mamma has arrived at maturity. I am yet a child. Every thing, in the present state, to a happy, immortal spirit, is but as a toy which delights a child. She, for ever, has put away 'childish things,' and for a very good reason—she is surrounded by objects infinitely glorious."

"Yes, but papa, it is a pity she died so early, and was lost to us so soon."

"Lost, Edwin! lost to us! no!

'For us she sicken'd, and for us she died;'

that is, if we view her life and death aright. If, in the village near the Druidical circle, a person had lived of extraordinary endowments, and the king had sent for him to court, and had employed him near his person in the great affairs of his kingdom, you would not say, Edwin, that he was lost! no. Your dear mamma was sent for, to go up to the court of the King of kings."

"But I should have been glad if the Almighty had spared her to us only for a few years, papa."

"If he had, should we then have been more willing to have parted with her? I sometimes, for a moment, think in the way you do, Edwin. But are we more disposed to give up any thing, when we have larger views of its real value?

Certainly not. After all, God's time is the best. We must not, for a moment, no, not even in thought, dictate to Infinite Wisdom. The Saviour holds, in his blessed, glorious hands, the keys of the invisible world and of death; and he always opens the door at the best moment, yea, at the moment we should open it ourselves, if we could see all things as they really are."

"It is very pleasant to think, papa, that the keys are in His hands who died for us."

"It is, my dear Edwin. If the keys of some magnificent apartment were committed into the hands of those who most love us, and the moment should arrive, when it was necessary to our happiness that we should be admitted into it, there would be no doubt but that the kind friend to whom the keys were committed would readily open the door, and give us a place in it. We have no friend who loves us so well as Christ does: we do not love ourselves so well as he loves us. Oh, it is a delightful thought, that the keys are in his all-gracious and faithful hands!"

"If, instead of dying at thirty years of age, she had left us at fifty, papa, I should have liked it better."

"I am not sure that you would, Edwin. It becomes us to suppose and believe that God's time and way, in every thing, whatever we may

imagine to the contrary, are the best. If the king had charged me, when you were an infant, to bring you up for him, and he would place you in a post of honour and usefulness, near his own person, would it be a subject of complaint, that he had sent for you a year or two, or more, to live with and serve him, earlier than I had expected? I think it would not."

"I see, papa, it is want of more consideration, else I should think as you do; yet I should so have liked for her to have lived, if it had pleased God."

"We should be concerned, my dear, to meet her in heaven—to say, on good Scriptural ground, 'I shall go to her, though she shall not return again to me.'"

"You have been both mamma and papa to me; and I have not so much reason as some children would have had, to regret that I was early a motherless little boy."

"It is true, Edwin; and your aunt was very kind to you when you were an infant. You have wanted for no good thing. The lines have always fallen to you in pleasant places: you have always had a goodly heritage."

"I have been thinking, papa, since I have read your journal, that I will not regard myself as motherless any more; no, I have still a dear

mamma; but, as you say, she is gone up to the court of the King of kings, and thither she expects me to come, that I may live with her for ever."

"Yes, she does. I hope, Edwin, it will be our great concern to meet her in a better state: this is our truest wisdom and our greatest happiness."

"Since I read her dying sayings, papa, I can scarcely think of any thing else."

"It will do us good to think of her; but we must think of her as in a state of exalted felicity. We must not go to the grave: there is nothing there but the garment, once beautiful, now decayed and deformed, which enwrapped her deathless spirit. We must think of her as she is—as like her Saviour, and as having a place among the spirits of the just made perfect in glory."

"That is what I delight to do," said Edwin.

"Soon after your dear mamma left me, I had a remarkable dream. I thought I saw her, arrayed in robes of light and beauty, come in at the garden gate, with a chaplet of flowers in her hand. I hastened to meet her, and she placed the wreath on my head and vanished."

"How delightful a dream, papa!"

"Yes, it was: it cheered me exceedingly. The recollection of it now is refreshing to my

spirit. It was much on my mind: I wished it to be preserved, and I recorded it in verse. I am sure you will value these lines. Here is a copy of them. You will take care of them, with the journal I sent you. They are a suitable addition."

THE VISION.

'Twas on a beauteous summer morn,
The hallow'd hour of earliest dawn,
Whether I slept, I know not well,
Or how it was, I cannot tell;
But this I know, the blest above,
In mansions of eternal love,
Appear'd to my enraptur'd view,
Unnumber'd as the drops of dew;
And one there was the hosts among,
Who saw me, and who left the throng.
In sweet society, she trod,
With me, on earth, the way to God;
Together to his house we walk'd,
And of the heavenly glory talk'd;
Till oft our souls within us burn'd,
And earth's inferior pleasures spurn'd:
The hope was rapture to each heart,
We there should meet, no more to part.
To me the pain, the bliss was giv'n,
To watch her to the gate of heav'n.
Now on a radiant cloud she came,
Not with a feeble, sickly frame,
As when the spirit soar'd away,
And dropp'd its tenement of clay:

Oh no, with countenance fresh and hale,
As 'twas ere anguish made it pale;
With rubied lips, and sparkling eyes,
And robes of heaven's own matchless dyes;
And golden ringlets, deck'd with flow'rs,
Gather'd from amaranthine bow'rs.
Soon as she 'lighted on the ground,
A glory shone on all around:
I hasten'd, her approach to greet,
And fell exulting at her feet.
A wreath, bright as heaven's beauteous bow,
Softly she plac'd around my brow;
Then rais'd me, gave a gentle kiss,
And vanish'd from me—into bliss.

But though no voice address'd my ear,
Did she not say, "Thou still art dear,
Yet I am mindful of thee, love,
Though mingling with the blest above;
I wave the palm of victory,
In realms of immortality;
This blooming wreath delighted view,
A token thou shalt conquer too;
Soon we shall meet, upon the shore
Where death and parting are no more."

Still to my heart, the early dawn
Is pleasant, of that summer morn;
Before me still the vision stays,
And Fancy, charm'd, delights to gaze;
Still, still the softness of that kiss,
The dear, the sweet, ecstatic bliss,
Is fresh on Mem'ry's fairest page,
And will be so, till latest age.
And ever will the thought be dear,
That thou, bless'd spirit! still art near,
To minister, and guard my way
To realms of everlasting day.

CHAP. XVII.

THE day appointed for the meeting of the Bible Society, as before mentioned, dawned. Mr. Howard took Edwin with him. He was exceedingly delighted with the proceedings of the meeting. As they were returning home, the same theme to which they had listened in the morning naturally occupied their attention.

"How strangely things are altered, papa," said Edwin, "in our highly-favoured land: are they not?"

"Yes, my dear, in many points. But to what did you particularly refer?"

"Did you not observe, that the chairman said that, about 400 years ago, in the reign of Henry the Fifth, a law was passed against the perusal of the Bible in our mother tongue, by which it was enacted, 'That whoever should be found perusing the Scriptures in their own language, should forfeit their land, cattle, and goods, from themselves and their heirs for ever.' And now, he said, we circulate the book

of God by millions, and almost in every part of the globe."

"This is, indeed," said Mr. H. "a blessed revolution—a revolution of God's making, and one pregnant with blessings to the human race."

"I wonder, papa, how any one can object to the Bible Society, since, as many of the gentlemen said, it circulates nothing but God's holy word, without any addition whatever."

"True, Edwin; it is very singular, that any who profess regard for the Scriptures, should object to their distribution. But no good was ever done without much opposition: witness the history of Christ and his apostles. The object of the Bible Society is most innocent and praiseworthy: it hails the whole race of man as friends and brethren."

"It is very pleasant, papa, as you said, that good men, of different communities, can meet together in love, for the promotion of one common object."

"To me it is. The Bible Society does not call on any one to sacrifice any thing but what it is their duty, their honour, and their happiness to part with—their bigotry, their unkindness, their arrogance. For my own part, I cannot help regarding such a society as affording a lively picture of the happy state, where a Til-

lotson, a Secker, and a Porteus, shall associate, without a shade of difference, with a Baxter, an Owen, a Penn, a Doddridge, a Watts, and a Gill; and where, to use the beautiful language of one of these distinguished characters,

‘Joy, like morning dew, distils,
And all the air is love.”

“Such a society seems to have been greatly needed, papa, from the accounts which we heard of the scarcity of the Scriptures.”

“Assuredly it was, Edwin. There was a great dearth of the Scriptures at home; but abroad there was an absolute famine of the word of life. It has been computed, that it would take a million of money adequately to supply the British poor with Bibles. In Iceland, Dr. Henderson tells us, the Scriptures were so scarce, that a clergyman had been seeking a copy in vain for seventeen years. I recollect his language is, ‘I have been welcomed in that island as an angel from heaven, and have scarcely left a single cottage, without being followed by the benediction of its inhabitants.’ In Hungary, there are a million and a half of Protestants with scarcely a Bible. In Ceylon, India, and every part of the East, the numerous inhabitants are perishing for lack of spiritual knowledge. In Russia, many millions of copies

of the Holy Scriptures are needed. In short, there is every where much need of the Holy Scriptures."

"You forgot Ireland, papa, about which so many things were said by the gentleman from Dublin."

"No, my dear, I had not. Whilst he was speaking, I thought of many things he had not time to name. One anecdote, especially, occurred to me. At Castlebar, a young man, who was accustomed to occupy many of his spare hours in the perusal of a New Testament which belonged to his master, when his time was expired, wished to know on what terms he might become the owner of the precious volume; and being told that he must serve his master for six additional months, he justly thought the demand unreasonable; but yet, as he was unable, after a diligent search, to procure the book he so much prized, he returned, served the period required, and bore away the boon he had so amply merited."

"It is not, I think, very surprising, papa, that the pope should anathematize the Bible Society; but it is very surprising that protestants should do so."

"True, Edwin. The Bible is against the pope and his system; therefore, he is against the Society which has determined to circulate it to

the very ends of the earth. The Bible is 'the breath of God's mouth,' by which antichrist is to be utterly destroyed. God's enemies may rage, but 'the kingdoms of the world shall become the kingdoms of our God, and of his Christ.'"

"Has the society done any harm, papa, that it has so many opponents?"

"No, Edwin, never—nothing but good. It has instructed the young, and regulated their lives; it has comforted the aged, cheered and animated the dying; it has turned the current of the river of life into hospitals and prisons: the most friendless and wretched of mankind have drank of it, and lived for ever. We may hope, that what it has done is nothing to what it will do. I trust that, in a few generations, it will completely change the features of the moral world. But the glorious consequences of the Bible Society are not confined to the present state: they extend through eternal ages. It has been well remarked by a good writer, that 'the honour of having co-operated with the Bible Society will then only be duly appreciated, when the evanescent distinctions of time shall be lost in the splendid and imperishable realities of eternity.'"

"But, papa, a penny a week is nothing in

the support of this great cause; and yet the gentlemen seemed to think very much of it."

"This subscription, Edwin, trifling as it may appear, is not to be despised. A multitude of grains of sand make a mighty mountain. Did you observe that little spring which ran over the road about a mile back? It is the source of the river which is a means of livelihood to the greater part of the inhabitants of the neighbourhood. If one spring produces a current which is so serviceable, many combined would produce a stream truly magnificent. A multitude of these small societies will, it may be rationally hoped, by the gracious operations of the Holy Spirit, and in his own good time, renovate the world. Then the language of exulting prophecy shall receive its plenitude of accomplishment: 'The wolf shall dwell with the lamb, and the leopard shall lie down with the kid; and the calf, and the young lion, and the fatling together, and a little child shall lead them. They shall not hurt or destroy in all my holy mountain; for the earth shall be full of the knowledge of the Lord, as the waters cover the sea.'"

LONGING FOR THE DIFFUSION OF THE
SCRIPTURES.

*Jucundior melle, et auro,
Et nitidis potiora gemmis.* *Buch.*

Go, precious Book, at God's command,
A Saviour's love display;
And pour o'er each benighted land
The dawn of endless day.

Go, and the burning desert cheer,
Thy living streams disclose;
Like Eden bid the waste appear,
And blossom like the rose.

Go, soothe the pain'd, the guilty breast,
Go, make the simple wise;
And guide the wanderer to a rest
Beyond the transient skies.

Go, and where'er the morning gale
Its odours breathes around,
There, o'er each hill, and through each vale,
Oh, be thy fragrance found.

Go, say the nations are the Lord's,
And dry their falling tears;
To plough-shares beat their cruel swords,
To pruning-hooks their spears.

Go, spread, till wolves and leopards play
Together with the kids;
And lions, heedless of their prey,
Do as the infant bids.

Go, and the joyful tidings tell
On every distant shore;
Till all the song of praise shall swell,
And the whole world adore.

CHAP. XVIII.

MR. HOWARD had determined that Edwin should spend a twelvemonth at an excellent seminary, that he might be better qualified for entering the university of Edinburgh. For the first time, for any considerable period, he had now left the parental roof. The parting between himself and his papa was very affecting. A correspondence, however, of a very interesting nature, was immediately commenced. Mr. H. in a very delightful manner, directed his attention to all those topics which are necessary in a good education. The following was the introductory letter to this pleasing epistolary intercourse.

“MY DEAR EDWIN,

“I EMBRACE the earliest opportunity of writing, as I know you will be longing to hear from me. I have lived for your gratification and welfare; and nothing but the confident expectation that it would be for your real and permanent good, could at all have reconciled me to your departure.

"So long as I could discern the coach which bore you from me, I eagerly gazed on it. The idea that you were leaving home for the first time affected my heart, nor could I for some hours resume my accustomed serenity.

"Among other thoughts, this forcibly occurred to me: that, perhaps, our familiar and frequent intercourse in the present state, might be regarded as almost closed; for, when you have finished your education, you will go out into the world, to acquire the means of honourably procuring the necessaries and comforts of life; so that you may never be long with me again in the same habitation. Letters, however valuable, are but a poor substitute for those affectionate personal communications, to which we have been so long and so happily accustomed.

"I thought of Jacob, who, in the bloom of life, left his father's house, and journeyed to the habitation of his uncle Laban. My mind dwelt with delight on his memorable vision, when, at the close of the day, he beheld the ladder whose top reached unto heaven, with the angels ascending and descending on it, whilst his Almighty Father said to him from heaven: 'I am the Lord God of Abraham thy Father, and the God of Isaac; the land whereon thou liest, to thee will I give it, and to thy seed. And, behold! I am with thee, and will

keep thee in all places whither thou goest, and will bring thee again into this land; for I will not leave thee, until I have done that of which I have spoken to thee.' O, my dear Edwin, my heart, with a fervour I know not how to describe, could not but breathe the animated prayer, 'O, thou God of Jacob, thou God of all who, like him, put their trust under the shadow of thy wings, be thou my Edwin's God! Let my beloved child be ever the object of thy tender, of thy unremitting care. Influence his heart at all times to cry to Thee as his Father—the guide of his youth!'

"The vow of this interesting young man (I refer, of course, to the youthful patriarch) was also the subject of my attentive meditation. 'If God will be with me,' said he, 'and will keep me in this way that I go, and will give me bread to eat, and raiment to put on, so that I may come again to my father's house in peace; then shall the Lord be my God.' When yet a youth, in somewhat similar circumstances, wandering amidst the works of God, and no eye on me but His, I well recollect, with emotions of unutterable interest, to have adopted and given utterance to this solemn engagement. It is the wish of my heart that you should do so too. The delicious feelings of that hallowed moment are yet present with me, and I doubt not that they will still be so, till my days on earth are no more.

“It is indeed with me a subject of the sincerest joy and gratitude, that, though you are now distant from a father’s ever watchful eye and affectionate care, you are nevertheless committed to the superintendence of a gentleman, who, if you conduct yourself with propriety, of which I do not doubt, will be to you another parent.

“As I feel that I love you tenderly, for your own and for your mother’s sake, I am constantly thinking what I can do for your permanent welfare. And, as life is very uncertain, and I may not long be spared to counsel or admonish you, it is my intention to give utterance to the feelings of my heart, and to leave on record, in my letters, those sentiments which I deem of the utmost importance, in reference to the life that now is, as well as of that which is to come. If you will preserve, and occasionally peruse them, they may not only serve as a lasting memorial of my affection, but they may be of real service to you, even when the hand that penned, and the heart that dictated them, are both mouldering in the silent grave.

“You have never been long absent from my thoughts: each morning and evening, and frequently through the day, when in company or alone, I affectionately commend you to the care and keeping of the great and good God,

who condescends to manage even our meanest affairs, and without whose notice even a sparrow does not fall to the ground. May his powerful hand be ever around you, and may his beneficent eye be ever upon you for good. Thus earnestly prays

“Your ever affectionate father,

“T. H.”

The correspondence, of which this letter is a specimen, was large and interesting. Edwin grew up admired, beloved, useful, and happy. May this be the case with all who peruse his early history.

THE END.

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